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FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

## STANZAS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Wouldst thou know, stranger, wherefore the vain cares,  
And envious strifes, and ills of this sad world

Vex not my thoughts serene,  
Nor fright my peace of soul?

Wherefore its wild commotions fret me not,  
And the vain pageants of its summer smile,  
(More fleeting than the light)  
Nor dazzle, nor distract?

It is not that a swelling pride doth lift  
My spirit 'bove the reach of changeful Fate,  
Or shield me from the ills  
To mortal lot assigned;

Or teach me with a scorn unwise to turn  
From good on all bestowed, the boon of Heaven:—  
'Tis not that spells I bear  
By stern cold Reason wrought:—

But in my spirit's inmost treasure-house  
There is a blessed world, from evil free,  
Nor wearying cares come nigh  
The chambers of the soul!

In this fair home hath Thought her palace reared,  
And planted living flowers; there flow the springs  
Of Fancy, pure and bright,  
In sweet rejoicing streams.

There bends the golden heaven of Poesy,  
With gladdening sunlight fraught; there blandest airs  
Breathe o'er the fragrant soil,  
And palmy groves ascend.

Thus is it that Life's clamors and complaints,  
And idle vaunts, unheeded pass me by,  
Like the dull streamlet's voice,  
Or inarticulate wind.

Amid the jarring storm's discordant strife,  
O, searcher after rest! may'st thou too hear  
That mightier melody  
From chords attuned of Heaven!

## MODERN TRAVELLING.

Forty years ago, I used to be a great traveller, and was pretty well acquainted with the means of transportation then in use; but about that time, I retired to the country and settled upon a small farm, where I have, until lately, pursued the even tenor of my way. During the last summer, some business compelled me to set out for a distant point, and I left my little home with extreme reluctance. As I was to travel in a world about which I knew but little, except through the news-

papers, I thought it right to rig myself out in somewhat better style than usual, so I put on my best *bib* and *tucker* and repaired to town and sought a barber's shop to get my hair cut and my beard shaved, humming, as I went along, the old song,

"I called to the barber, come shave me boy, do you hear,  
And I'll give you sixpence for to spend in ale or beer;  
Shave me, shave me, barber come shave me,  
Make me look neat and spruce that Molly may have me."

Sixpence quotha!—it cost me four and sixpence, at the least. When I opened the door, I was so much astonished at the elegance of the apartment, that I drew back, and would have retired, thinking I had made some mistake, when two or three fellows flew out upon me, and began brushing my coat with such impetuous violence, that I could not escape from them; indeed, it was with much ado that I could prevent my ears from being brushed off, by their whizzing brooms. I was as restive, you may depend upon it, as my horse is under a cedar broom; twice they struck me severe blows on the cheek, but always begged pardon, so I could not be offended; and, indeed, I had made up my mind when I left home, not to betray my ignorance of present customs. All this time two small *shavers* were dusting my boots, and I protest it was with much difficulty I could keep my legs. After considerable suffering on my part, and repeated declarations of my being satisfied with their services, and paying each of them something, (for I saw they expected it,) they desisted. I now expressed a wish to be shaved and trimmed, and was immediately disrobed, and ushered to a high-backed chair, where my head was roughly thrown back, my chin tucked, and the operation of shaving performed in the twinkling of an *ejaculation*. It did not take long to cut my hair and strangle me with cologne water; but what was my surprise, when they were done with me, to find the whole of my occiput as bare as the palm of my hand, and nothing left upon my head but a few straggling locks at the side, time having already stripped naked my forehead. I was sadly vexed, but what could I say? I had voluntarily put myself in their power, and was devoutly glad when I got into the street, that I had escaped alive from their hands. Well, I had now paid four-and-sixpence; I had lost all my hair; my face had been scratched by brooms and lacerated by a razor, and I had learned in exchange, that barbers were different folks now-a-days from what they used to be, and that men were brushed down like horses—rather a bad speculation! I had not been in this world, it is true, "ever since king Pepin was a little boy," but I was pretty old, and had never been treated so unceremoniously in my life. I had imagined when I entered the house, that I was going into just such a shop as my old friend Kippin used to keep, who received me with the profoundest of bows, and shaved me with a solemnity of manner that suited my temper exactly. No tawdry ornaments hung upon his walls; no mirrors flashed wheresoever you turned; no newspapers lay scattered around; no

Helen Jewetts or other engravings caught your eye. His walls were mute as "Tara's Halls"—a piece of broken looking-glass stood upon the table, and an old shaving-can, encrusted with the smoke of a thousand fires, sat disconsolately in the chimney; but, nevertheless, these modern fellows cannot shave as Kippin "*used to could*." There is too much hurry in every thing now-a-days! It is true, shaving must be done by steam—the water ought to be hot, but the razor travels too incontinently fast, and the whirlpools in my beard cannot be crossed over with such despatch—but pshaw! this is nothing to what I have to tell of the changes in this world. My first trip was to be made in a steamboat which was to *start* (fly, perhaps, would be a better word) at ten o'clock at night. I had never been in one, having been of the same opinion with old what's his name, who never could be induced to go on board, not even when the boat was lying at the wharf without a particle of fire—when urged to go, and told that there was no earthly danger, he always shook his head doubtfully, and declared "*there was no knowing when accidents might happen*." However, go I must; my business required despatch, and there was no mode of travelling so expeditious. Accordingly, I went on board, and passing the fire-room, where they were just *firing up*, I stopped, with unfeigned horror, and asked myself if, indeed, I was prepared to die! I almost fancied myself at the entrance of the infernal regions, and the firemen, all begrimed and black and covered with sweat, seemed like the imps of the devil, tossing the damned spirits into the flames. I shuddered and turned away, inwardly vowing if heaven would be graciously pleased to spare me this time, I would never again, voluntarily, put myself in the way of being burnt to death. I proceeded to the cabin, which I found, as yet, unoccupied, and you may be certain if the barber's shop had surprised me, my amazement was now complete, at finding myself in the most splendid apartment I had ever beheld. I shall not attempt any description, because I have no doubt, Mr. Editor, you have seen many a one; all I shall say is, that having examined every thing with as much wonder as did parson Polyglott when "*he dinner'd w<sup>th</sup> a Lord*," I laid myself down in a birth, and could not satisfy myself of my personal identity, any more than could *he* who went once to see some great man, and was treated with so much distinction, that when he retired to bed, he lay some time revolving all that had passed, and the scene around him, and exclaimed, "can this be me!" Putting his foot out of bed, (he had a remarkable foot,) egad! he cried, that is certainly *my foot*. Just so, clapping my hand to the back of my head, and feeling that the barber had nearly scalped me, I became assured that it was indeed your humble servant, and was trying to compose myself, when I heard a cry of "the stage is come," and in a few moments in walked the captain and seated himself at his writing-table, and immediately afterwards forty passengers, at least, rushed into the cabin, all talking in the loudest key, and dressed in every variety of mode, and seeming to strive with one another who should get first to the captain to pay his money. What does this mean? thought I; wherefore such hurry? "Why need they be so forward with death who calls not on them?" as Falstaff says. I soon found out the cause; they were securing births, and as they passed mine, they

severally peeped into it; at length, one prying more earnestly than the others, exclaimed, "halloo, my hearty, you are in the wrong box; you must come out." I made no reply, and he repeated his command to me to turn out—still I said nothing, and he turned to the captain: "I say captain, here's a Jackson man in my birth." "Yes," said I, feeling my dander rise, as honest Jack Downing says, "and I shall assume the responsibility of staying in it." Alas! I reckoned without *my host*, for the captain came up and desired me to evacuate the premises. "Why," said I, "captain, I thought possession was eleven points of law." "None of your nonsense, sir," returned he, and took hold of my arm. Seeing how matters stood, I fixed myself, Dentatus-like, with my back to the side of the boat, and seizing my hickory stick, defended myself manfully, but numbers prevailed over valor, and I was, at last, ignominiously dragged forth, like Smith from the Chickahominy Swamp, to the no small amusement of the company, some of whom hurraed for old baldpate. Here was a pretty commencement of my journey! In the end, I was compelled to sleep upon a table, think o' that! and imagine my horror when I found myself stretched out like a corpse, with a sheet over me!! All my previous fears of being scalded to death rushed upon my mind, and I made sure that this was indeed my winding-sheet. The thumping of the boat; the groans of the lever above, leaping and pitching like some vast giant struggling to be free; the snoring and snorting around me; the intense heat, produced by the juxta-position of so many human bodies, effectually banished sleep from my eyelids; I was "*in a state of dissolution and thaw*," and wished myself anywhere else, even in "*the Domdaniel caves under the roots of Ocean*," if there were such a place, so that I could escape my present thralldom. How often have I wondered, said I to myself, that people could be so foolhardy as to live at the foot of Mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, where they are liable to be overwhelmed in a moment by burning lava; and here am I, lying near the crater of a volcano, without the hope of escape if there should be an eruption!! Overwhelmed by the oppressive weight of my thoughts, I sunk, from absolute exhaustion, about daybreak, into a doze, from which I was almost immediately aroused by a bell, which I mistook for the last trump, and springing up, perceived that it announced our arrival at the place of destination, and I was forced to huddle on my clothes as fast as possible. Such a scene of confusion and hurry as now presented itself, baffles my poor powers of description. Passengers, porters, trunks, wheelbarrows, hackmen, every body and every thing, in one moving mass upon the wharf, so completely confounded the few brains I had, that I stood like a fool, while "hack, sir?" was bawled in one ear, "hack, sir?" in another—"omnibus, sir? do you go in the omnibus?" One pulled me by the right, another by the left, until my limbs were almost dislocated. At last, remembering a little of my latin, I concluded it must be right to go *with all*, and I cried out "omnibus!" "Your baggage, sir, where is it?" "God only knows, my friend," said I. "Is this it, sir?" "Yes, yes." Into the omnibus they shoved me, with such despatch, that had I been the "*stout gentleman*" himself, I am sure none could have seen even the "broad disk of my pantaloons." It was the first time in my life, that I had ever travelled in a carriage without shutting the door, ex-



cept once, upon compulsion, when my horses ran off with me; but if you will credit me, sir, there is no door to an omnibus; so I suppose omnibus means without a door, but in what language is more than I pretend to know. Perhaps it may be the *Garamma* language, but none but the author of the Doctor can tell that. If you should be acquainted with the tongue, Mr. Editor, just drop me a hint in your next number, and I shall be much obliged to you.

Well, praised be heaven, I had escaped the death of a hog, and felt somewhat revived by the morning air. Away we whirled with great rapidity to the rail road depot, where the cars were ready to receive us. We were told that from some irregularity, I never knew what, we were to be drawn for some miles by horses, and I blessed my stars at the occurrence, as I had been anticipating, with some dread, that wonderful velocity of the engines of which I had heard and read so much; but short-lived indeed was my joy, as it began to be a matter of interesting speculation whether the cars meeting us, might not, peradventure, be driven by steam. We had not proceeded far, before our apprehensions were realized. Just as we turned an abrupt curvature in the road, there came the engine roaring and snorting upon us!! Mr. Editor, I have been pursued in my time by a mad bull; I have been upon the point of being tossed upon his horns; I have been in the imminent peril of being run over by squadrons of wild horses which had taken the stampado; I have seen perils by sea and perils by land, but never had I felt such alarm, such destitution of all hope of escape as now. Our driver sprang from his seat, and had just time to unhitch his horses, but what were we to do? One man jumped out and broke his leg, the rest of us kept our seats. I could not leave mine—I was transfixed with horror—my eyes were starting from my head and my mouth wide open. Breathless, we awaited the shock, and soon it came like a thunder-crash. What happened to others I cannot tell. All I remember distinctly is that the concussion was so tremendous, that it brought my two remaining teeth so violently together, that they were both knocked out; they were the last of the Capulets, and I would not have taken a thousand dollars a piece for them; it is a wonder I did not die of fright—my hair, if I had had any, must have turned grey; but thanks to the barber, I had none. I was taken up more dead than alive, and nothing could induce me to hazard my life again. I consigned to the devil all cars, steamboats, rail-roads, their projectors and inventors, solemnly vowing never to be in a hurry again as long as I lived, but to remember the old maxim, *festina lente*—make haste slowly.

My business I abandoned in despair,—bought the dullest horse I could procure,—sold my trunk and got a pair of saddle-bags, and resolved to jog slowly and safely homeward. After a fatiguing journey, I reached my own house, where nobody knew me. When I told my wife who I was and what had occurred to me, she said it was a judgment upon me for being such a fool as to cut my hair in *that* fashion. She will never listen to me now when I attempt to repeat the particulars of my excursion, and that is the reason that I have concluded to trouble you with my history. If it should entertain you, and serve as a warning to my countrymen not to be in such a confounded hurry in doing every thing, I

shall be repaid for my trouble. The whole world seems to me to be in a sort of neck-or-nothing state; all the sobriety, frugality and simplicity of our forefathers seems to be forgotten, and the only object is, to grow rich suddenly, and time and space must be annihilated in the pursuit.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient, humble servant,  
SOLOMON SOBERSIDES.

## FRIENDSHIP,\*

AN ESSAY.

*Solem e mundo tollere videntur, qui amicitiam a vitâ tollunt; quâ a Diis immortalibus, nihil melius, nihil jucundius, habemus.*  
Cicero de Amicitia.

Pleasure, to be really such, must be the matter of our own free choice and voluntary election; whatever is commanded immediately becomes a duty; and though by the goodness and wisdom of the commander, the paths of duty may lead to pleasure; yet strictly and properly speaking, pleasure can never be enjoined by any authority, can never submit to the bonds of obligation.

No virtue can be more amiable and excellent than *friendship*, no pleasures more refined than that which it affords, and though *friendship* may be recommended as the most valuable acquisition and the highest enjoyment, it cannot be enjoined as a duty, or as an indispensable obligation; so that, if, after our utmost researches in pursuit of it, we should be disappointed, we cannot be condemned as criminal, or deficient in what we owe to our own happiness.

Friendship, to adopt the definition given by Lord Shaftsbury, is that peculiar relation which is formed by a consent and harmony of minds, by mutual esteem and reciprocal affection. Friendship, therefore, can never be enjoined as a duty, since our lot in life may never be cast amongst those whose minds will harmonize with our own; it is rather to be considered a singular blessing.

\* When New York was in possession of the English during the war of the revolution, the officers, to relieve the monotony of a garrison life, established a society in which some subject of a literary character was discussed at every meeting. Before this society was read this essay, by Mr. Gilchrist—which we print from his original MS. Of their author, personally, we know little, except that he was not an officer in either the army or navy, nor a member of either of the learned professions, although a gentleman of literary taste and extensive acquirements. Henry K. White, in a letter to his brother Neville, mentions a Mr. Gilchrist as one of the contributors to the "Monthly Mirror," with Capel Loft, Robert Bloomfield and others. If Mr. G. returned to England he was probably the author of most of the articles in the Monthly Mirror over the signature of *Octavius*. Judge Hoffman and Mr. Dunlap of New York, may be able to give some account of him, as well as of the "Literary Society."

About this same time there existed, perhaps in opposition to, or in ridicule of the "Literary Society," a junta formed by the young ladies, together with the students of medicine, and other young men of New York, and called the "Dreaming Society" one or more of whose members were appointed at each meeting to prepare an essay for the next, (either in prose or verse,) which essay was either to be a dream, or to represent the essayist as having obtained it by means of a dream, or to have written it while asleep. The sisters of Lindley Murray; the late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell; Mr. Dunlap, (we believe,) the author of the "History of the American Theatre;" and Judge Hoffman, were members.

sing, vouchsafed, perhaps, to few, but when vouchsafed, one of the most exquisite cordials in human life. Intending man for social happiness, the author of his nature, in great wisdom and goodness, hath given this impulse to the human heart; and the heart rarely errs, or misleads us in its hints and admonitions. What a pleasure, what a comfort is it, to have one in perfect amity with us, to whom we can at all times unbosom ourselves with perfect confidence and safety, with whom we can enjoy all the refinements and peculiar pleasures of rational conversation; one who will tenderly enter into and share all our griefs, or kindly participate in all our joys; thus heightening the one, and alleviating the other. What pleasure to have a friend upon the wisdom of whose counsels we can safely rely in all our difficulties, in all our embarrassments; whose power and interest will always be at hand to succor and assist, or whose affection, at least, will always be forward to console and cheer us. Providence gives nothing in mortal life more valuable than such a friend; but the difficulty of the acquisition is in proportion to the value.

I cannot express my sentiments better on the difficulties which attend the acquisition of real friendship, than in the words of one of the most masterly writers of the age. When Socrates, says he, was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity, he replied, "That he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that habitation, narrow as it was, filled with real friends." Such was the opinion of that great master of human life, concerning the unfrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship.

Multitudes are unqualified for a constant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, by perpetual attention to their interest, and unresisting subjection to their passions; many varieties of dispositions also, not inconsistent with the common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some, ardent enough in their benevolence, are mutable and uncertain, soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are soft and flexible, easily influenced by reports and whispers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy and flattery shall suggest. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a safer and better way to the sagacity of others, inclined to consider counsel as insult, and inquiry as want of confidence. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purposes, and pleased by showing their design only in the execution. Others are unusually communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of these may be useful to the community, and pass through the world with the reputation of uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for close and tender intimacy. He cannot properly be chosen for a friend, whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander—he cannot be a useful counsellor who will hear no opinion but his own—he will not much invite confidence,

whose principal maxim is to suspect—nor can the candor and frankness of that man be much esteemed, who spreads his arms to human kind, and makes every man, without distinction, a denizen of his bosom. Such is the picture of human disposition, drawn by the pen of that great moral master.

Having taken a view of the difficulties to be met with, I shall next take notice of those qualifications which seem necessary to obtain real and permanent friendship: and here we shall find that virtue is the only sure solid basis on which it can be built: if founded on other or less worthy motives, its continuance is short and precarious: as those motives shift and vary, it will vary with them: Cicero, in the treatise from which I have taken the prefatory lines says, "*Nec sine virtute, amicitia esse ullo pacto potest.*" Such unions deserve not the name of friendship; they are rather confederacies, so much the more dangerous and hurtful, as the uniting causes are mean and vicious.

To this mutual and virtuous complacency, is generally necessary, an uniformity of opinions, at least of those active and conspicuous principles which discriminate parties in government, or sects in religion. When differences in regard to these subsist, debates will arise; vehemence, acrimony and vexation, and, in time, an utter extinction of benevolence, will ensue. Intercourse of civilities may continue, but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve its smile, the heart is hardening and contracting; to use another quotation from the same author, "*accedat autem suavitas quædam oportet sermonum atque morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum amicitiae.*"

Besides virtue and similarity of leading opinions and dispositions, there are many other qualifications necessary to the refinement of friendship; such as an openness and frankness of temper, joined with the greatest faithfulness, prudence and discretion; a constancy and firmness of mind; an evenness and uniformity of behavior, a suavity of manners, an absence of all jealousy, a readiness to overlook little faults and foibles, and an exquisite and generous sensibility—in short, all the dispositions directly opposite to those before mentioned; partly the produce of a kind and indulgent nature, and partly of virtuous culture.

Let us not, however, forget, while we specify those good qualities necessary to be found in another, that we are under every obligation to cultivate them in ourselves; for as no friendship can either be real or lasting which is not founded on virtue and the good qualities above enumerated, it follows that our entry into the union must encourage the cultivation of every right and amiable principle in the soul. Two virtuous minds will stimulate each other in every laudable pursuit, will guard each other from every wrong propensity, and criminal deviation; and never dare either of them to commit an action which the other would hear of with concern, or behold with a blush.

Nor is this union of less utility for the improvement of the lesser virtues, the graces of life, the arts of pleasing, the "amiable attentions"—as we will surely be solicitous to excel in those attentions, and to become amiable in proportion as we wish to be loved.

To enumerate all the advantages and all the pleasures of friendship, were I equal to the task, would far exceed my limits—that friendship which gives to human life



its highest relish, and affords to virtue the strongest support and encouragement. I shall conclude, therefore, with the sentiment with which I began, "quâ a Diis immortalibus nihil melius habemus, nihil jucundius."

### MISPAH.

A late writer tells us, that being on board the packet ship Silas Richards, on his way from New York to Liverpool, the captain one day opened the letter bags in the round house, to sort the contents; and to amuse the passengers standing about him, read aloud some of the most singular superscriptions, when he came to a letter which had a seal with an epigraph on it which ran thus: "Mispah—Gen. xxxi. 49." "Here," said he to a clergyman by, (the writer himself, I suppose,) "this is for you to expound." But the clergyman not being able to do so, ran for his Bible, and soon returning with it open at the place referred to, read out, "Mispah: the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." "Beautiful!" said one. "Beautiful!" said another. "A gem! a gem!" exclaimed a third. "A gem indeed!" cried all together. "And surely," adds the writer, "the brightest, most precious gem of all, was to find, in such a place and circle, these prompt and full-souled expressions of sympathy on this announcement of religion and christian piety. There were, indeed, powerful tendencies to such sympathy in the circumstances of us all. For who present, whether going to or from his home, did not feel himself separated from those he loved, and loved most dear? And who, with a wide and fitful ocean before him, tossing on its heaving bosom, would not feel his dependence, and looking back or forward to home and friends, lift up his aspirations to that high Providence who sits enthroned in Heaven, and rules the land and sea, and breathe to him the sweet and holy prayer—'The Lord watch between me and mine, while we are absent one from another?'"

These reflections are all just and natural enough; but they are, perhaps, a little too vague and indefinite. At least, they do not strike me as quite true to the text. For the word "watch" here does not mean simply *protect*, but rather *witness*, and Laban's idea when he said "Mispah," was, "may the Lord stand witness, and look out to guard against any infraction of the covenant which has just been made between us." So the author wanders a little from the point of the thing. And he does so again when he proceeds to ask, "And whose was the hand that fixed this stamp of piety on this winged messenger of love—of love that grows more ardent and more holy as it is distant and long away from its object? The first post-mark was Quebec, and the letter was directed to a quarter-master in London. Was it then, from a wife to a husband? or from a sister to a brother? or what was the relation?" Obviously, such a seal could be used with strict propriety only by one who either was, or was engaged to be, married, to the writer, and who might very nicely use it at once to assure and remind the absent partner of that conjugal, or connubial fidelity which they had vowed before God. At any rate, it must be felt, I think, by

every one, that it would have a peculiar charm when used by a person who might happen to be in such a predicament. And taking the thing in this light, and putting myself for a moment in the shoes of the fair young *fiancée* who has just set the seal to her letter, I would expound or explain the motto upon it, something in this way:

O what can sooth the sorrow, love,  
This anxious absence brings,  
But to reflect that one above,  
With overshadowing wings,  
The witness of our plighted troth,  
Will hear, and help, and keep us both?

O may he still our guardian be,  
As he hath ever been!  
And watch, my love, o'er me and thee,  
While ocean rolls between!  
And bring thee back, all perils past,  
To make our bonds more sweetly fast!

Q.

### CHARACTER OF CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus possessed those traits of character, which in an unpolished age, and amongst a people so renowned for their chivalry as the Romans, are fitted to command universal admiration. Of high birth—of a frank, ingenuous nature—wise in the council-chamber, as he was ardent and intrepid in the field, it would have been strange if he had not soon won his way to the esteem and confidence of his countrymen. Accordingly we find him, after having signalized his name by a series of the most brilliant exploits in a campaign against the Volsci, returning to Rome, to receive in the gratitude and applause of his fellow-citizens, the reward of his heroic deeds. But neither the fame of his splendid successes, nor his own intrinsic dignity, could exempt him from the reverses of fortune. The chaplet with which the fickle goddess one moment decks the conqueror's brow, the next she snatches away, and leaves him the wretched victim of disappointed ambition. Thus was it with Coriolanus. The Tribunes of the People, those infamous panders to the morbid appetites of the mob, finding it necessary to sacrifice him, the panoply of virtue proved a poor shield against their virulence. Taking advantage of that hauteur of which there was certainly a spice too much in his composition, they very dexterously managed to excite him to expressions of contempt for the commons, on the one hand, and, on the other, to inflame their minds with a sense of imaginary wrongs, and impress upon them a conviction, that if they would not be trampled in the dust, they must dispute every inch of ground with the Patricians, and omit no opportunity to strike a blow at a class of men they were taught to consider their natural enemies. As the influence of the tribunes with the people was unlimited, so their success was complete—their machinations resulting in the condemnation of Coriolanus to perpetual exile. Alas, that we have to deplore that the magnanimity this great man had so often exhibited, should desert him in the hour when most he needed it! Stung to madness that his distinguished services to the state should meet so base a return, he resolves, in an ecstasy of resentment, that Rome shall suffer the meed of her dark ingratitude. He goes over to the enemy, who

receive him with open arms, and signify their readiness to do his bidding. An army is placed at his disposal, with which he invades the Roman territory, and ravaging the country as he passes along, at length draws up his legions within a few miles of the city, prepared, in the event of a refusal to comply with his harsh and extravagant requisitions, to overwhelm friend and foe in one indiscriminate ruin. Seized with consternation at his sudden and unexpected approach, the Romans sue for mercy. Successive deputations, consisting of the friends who had fought at his side in battle, and of the principal citizens who had stood by him when the decree was passed for his unjust and cruel banishment, are in vain sent to intreat him to lay aside his unnatural rebellion. Nothing can move him until, his wife and mother coming out to the camp, and throwing themselves at his feet, he reluctantly grants to their prayers and tears the amnesty which all feebler considerations had not availed to obtain.

Now suppose, for a moment, that the reprobation which the Christian code of morals pronounces on the principle of revenge, be laid out of view; and let it be granted that Coriolanus had a right to retaliate on the men who had so deeply injured him; yet how shall we excuse the design he meditated of involving his innocent friends in the same heavy penalty? When he was banished, it was by a majority of only three tribes. The whole body of the Patricians were in his favor, and profoundly sympathized in his calamity; and he must have foreseen that if the Volscian soldiery, the ancient and uncompromising enemies of Rome, were admitted into the city with Aufidius, his co-equal in command, at their head, that nothing sacred or venerable would be spared by their rapacious violence—that the rights of property, the quiet and security of old men, the purity of virgins and matrons, and the sanctity of temples—in a word, all that age, or innocence, or religion had consecrated, would be made the inevitable victims of the same ruthless invasion. And all this he contemplated unmoved. Surely, in the very conception of an act implicating, in such tragical consequences, not his enemies merely, but his friends also, and those who should have been dearer to him than his own life—his family and kindred—there was a monstrous perfidy from which every mind that has not been too deeply corrupted to appreciate the force of any moral motive, must revolt with horror.

But it may be asked, "How can Coriolanus be justly charged with the crime of those consequences which his clemency prevented?" In estimating character, the man who has once evinced the inveterate malignity of his heart, must be branded with eternal infamy, unless it appears that he subsequently became penetrated with profound contrition, and changed his conduct from the purest and most virtuous motives. Was this true of Coriolanus? Having contemned the higher claims of his country, and thrown off her allegiance, his ultimately yielding to the yearning voice of natural affection was a weakness—an amiable weakness, it may be said—but still a weakness. Such is our mental conformation, that we behold a congruous character with a degree of complacency, even though the character be a bad one; and although we may lend a measure of our sympathy to those good acts of confessedly bad men, which are the mere gratification of a physical propen-

sity, the unbending rigor of reason sternly refuses to allow any moral excellence to those deeds, or to insult the majesty of virtue by assigning them as her offspring. We return, however, to a point temporarily merged, in order to follow up another branch of the argument. The principle of revenge is wholly, and under all circumstances, inadmissible. Nor is it a proper reply to this proposition to say, that ours is an age of moral and intellectual light, and that it is unjust to apply to one who lived two thousand years ago, the same rigid rule of judgment to which he would be subjected at the present day. In the trial of questions involving an abstract principle, there should manifestly be but one standard for all ages and nations. Any other hypothesis will lead to the most glaring absurdities. For if the moral quality of an action could be modified by the unimportant circumstances of *time* or *place*, there is no crime in the decalogue which may not be justified. Modern heathen nations almost universally allow polygamy; in certain portions of the world murder is deemed innocent; and the ancient Spartan, we know, regarded theft as the prince of virtues. Where is the man who would presume to excuse these practices because they pertain to a barbarous nation, or to a period of moral darkness? Yet may it as well be done, as to justify the practice of revenge in the case under consideration. The ignorance of the age or nation may *palliate* the conduct of an individual; it cannot justify what is intrinsically wrong; and it would be in the last degree preposterous to put out the lights by which we are surrounded, and go to seek the radiant form of virtue in the dim twilight of heathenism. If Coriolanus had displayed a fortitude in suffering equal to his bravery in action—if he had never suffered a thought of retaliation upon his ingrate country to invade his breast; but, when thrust out from home and kindred, and all that on earth he held most dear, he had sought, in the conscious purity of his heart, and, in a sense of duty discharged, that tranquil happiness which, to a wise man, is of far higher price than the shouts and huzzas of the multitude—that mental peace which can cheer the gloom of solitude, and whose elastic energy can buoy up the soul under the heaviest distresses, his name would have come down to posterity circumvested with a halo of glory, ever enlarging, ever brightening. As it is, there is a spot upon his fame which all his splendid achievements may not wipe off. The man who courts toil, and suffering, and danger in his country's cause, earns well the patriot's meed; but he who conquers himself, achieves a nobler triumph. He bequeaths to the generations of all time, in the bright example he leaves for their emulation, a rarer and richer legacy.

There may be glory in the might  
Which treadeth nations down;  
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,  
Pride for the kingly crown;  
But nobler is that triumph hour  
The disenthralled shall find,  
When evil passion boweth down  
Unto the Godlike mind.

In his contempt of this sentiment consisted Coriolanus' great error. Alas for his fame, that he had not discerned its truth and acted accordingly!



MR. EDITOR,—Reading the “Belles of Williamsburg” in your July number of the Messenger, induced me to search amongst some old papers for the enclosed graphical and beautiful lines, which though not written at quite so early a period as 1777, will serve to show that in 1799 the halo of refinement and wit was still shining around that classical spot so famed in Virginia history.

P.

### BEAUTY TO THE BEAUX OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Gallants! who now so brisk and gay  
From night to morn can dance away  
As if you ne'er could tire,  
Can beauty only warm your heels?  
What, is there not one beau that feels  
Her flame a little higher?

Have Phœbus and the sacred Nine  
Been banished from their wonted shrine  
Where Love his tribute paid?  
Unaided by Apollo's rays  
Will hymeneal altars blaze  
Though sacrifice be made?

Gods! shall Amanda pass unsung?  
Shall Stella fair and gay and young  
Not swell the note of praise?  
Shall blythe Cassandra's art and fire,  
Her tuneful voice and tuneful lyre  
No kindred effort raise?

Shall gentle Mira's sparkling eyes,  
In ambuscade where Cupid lies,  
Still sparkle on in vain,  
As if, instead of lambent fire,  
Like Leoparda's filled with ire  
Or clouded with disdain?

Shall twenty other Nymphs beside  
Unnoticed pass adown the tide  
Of Time so swiftly flowing,  
Without one stanza to their praise  
To tell the folks of future days  
That they were worth the knowing?

Should Valentine's once blythesome day  
Thus quite neglected pass away,  
Like some dull Sunday morning,  
Narcissa may begin to frown,  
Nay, Flora with disdain look down,  
So Beaux, I give you warning.

BEAUTY.

Idlian Grove, 14th February 1799.

### PHILOSOPHY OF ANTIQUITY.

#### NO. I.

Of all the benefits that modern times owe to antiquity, the most important but at the same time the least often acknowledged, is the boon of philosophy. The poets, orators, and historians of Greece and Rome are in the hands of every school-boy, and are the pleasure and study of all who pretend to education, while the

works of Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, and the other lights of antiquity (the heralds, they have been called, of the true cross) languish here and there on the shelves of some old library, or in the shop of some antiquarian Bibliopole. There is this remarkable difference between philosophy and the lighter literature of antiquity. Homer and Herodotus, Demosthenes and his fellow orators, flashed out, as it were, from the bosom of the people with no warning—no precursor, and first established that order or sequence of literary cultivation which the experience of subsequent ages has proved infallible; I mean first, poetry and eloquence—next, history, and last of all, philosophy. Philosophy itself was no child of the moment. As the sea-beach gains something as each wave rolls over it, so was it with philosophy. Each age made its deposit at the bank of truth, and slowly and imperceptibly, but with not less security, was that mountain raised, which, however wildly raged the storms of the middle ages—how much so ever its fair face was obscured—still never ceased to exist, but served as a place of rest to the weary bird of literature, a rest whence the yet callow philosophy and unfledged history might wing their infantine flight. We may give an era to history—for there is great difference between it and tradition—we may positively ascertain the first poet, but we cannot approximate to the first philosopher. Socrates is not the only sage who never gave his lucubrations to posterity, and we learn from its very name, (love of wisdom,) that it is coeval with mind, nay, almost one of its principles. Were we to treat as philosophy only what has been written, we should be forced again to bound our researches by what has descended to us, and short indeed would be our course; but it is not so. We know with as much certainty the opinions of those who never wrote, as we do those of Plato and his followers, and are thus able to trace philosophy *ab ovo usque ad mala*, from the alpha not to the omega, for that has not been reached, but to the point at which we find it now.

Philosophy first presents itself to the historian about the commencement of the sixth century. The country where we first behold it, is Asia Minor; beneath its warm climate the Grecian colonists, who from time to time had settled there, grew day by day more and more cultivated, till at length they were the tutors of their father-land. Thales of Miletus, Pittacus of Mytelene in Lesbos, Bias of Priene flourished in a quick succession, while as yet Hellas had produced but Solon, who was more lawgiver than sage, and who would better be associated with Lycurgus than with Thales.

The philosophy of Ionia was echoed back with increased vigor from Magna Grecia. It is customary for the imagination, when Italy is its theme, to fly back to the days of Rome—to revel with Horace and with Cicero, with Virgil and Macenas. How great so ever may be our veneration for those later ages, they should never blot out from memory Italy's earlier civilization, when Apuleia and Brutium were seats of learning instead of Tuscany, and when Pythagoras was master of its philosophy instead of Cicero and Seneca.

The *point de depart* of philosophy was the origin of the world and its elementary principle. Perhaps it was necessary that the mental machinery should first be employed upon the grosser matter ere it should seize hold of that most delicate of all materials, mind—that

the artillerymen of logic should first acquire skill in battering to pieces erroneous opinions on natural philosophy ere his piece should be directed against errors in ethics and psychology. Its *modus operandi* was, generally, that of empiricism. This is in a degree true of all from Thales to Plato.

As the astrologers and alchemists of all ages, so did the philosophers of the time of Thales. Though arguing on correct bases, they obtained the most improper results. Pushing their analysis beyond the bound of reason—not content with the phenomena of matter, of which experience has taught us more than suffices for the mind of man, they sought to discover the *arcanum*, the hidden principle of the world's existence. They failed of course, and it is a humiliating though not less instructive task to glance in succession at the varied, though not less incoherent, labors of those great spirits who, notwithstanding that absurdity which belonged more properly to their age than to them individually, yet emitted occasional glimpses of what we in vain would hope had led to better results.

According to Thales the principle of the world is water. He is said to have been induced to adopt this, in consequence of some partial experiments. There was besides another principle, prime mover of all things, which he called *nous*. To him we are indebted for that best and most ancient of maxims, *Know thyself*.

Friend and townsman of Thales was Anaxamander. He lit his lamp at the same light and cast its blaze on the same subjects. His *point de depart* is infinity, which he surmamed all-containing and divine, without determining it more precisely. Perpetual changes of earth and of things can take place in infinity. These were his *principia*, but from them he developed multitudes of doctrines which it is not now important to examine. He bent his attention to astronomy, and nearly similar were the doctrines of Pherecydes of Syros. He called his trinity of principles, God, time, and matter. He attempted to explain animated bodies and mankind. He considered the soul as imperishable. Anaxamander and Pherecydes were the two first philosophers who wrote their doctrines out.

Now bursts on us a genius of the most astounding kind—Pythagoras. Mighty as was his fame—great as the influence he exerted on posterity—Homer-like, it seems his doom was to have “no place of burial or of birth.” Iamblychus, in his life of Pythagoras, makes him appear even from his infancy a sage and a philosopher. Where he was instructed—how—by whom—we know not. There are accounts that he travelled far and wide in search of science, studied among the Egyptians for twenty-two years, and travelled so far as to meet and converse with the Indian Gymnosophists. His life was a varied one—now persecuted from town to town—now a prisoner at Babylon. With the sages of Egypt he doubtless there met with, and imbibed a portion at least of that God-revealed doctrine, which we have reason to believe had sent some glimmerings of its glorious radiance to Babylon, the Rome, the Athens of the East.

In our days, when the genius of the press flits from clime to clime—when distance is annihilated, it seems a small matter to us to study the philosophy, to pour over the lucubrations of distant lands; but it was not so then. Each dogma was learned with difficulty and

attained with labor; we may then judge how great was that philosophic spirit which prompted its possessor to so long and painful voyages, and how strongly circumstances favored him, turning even apparent obstructions into favorable events. For another paper we reserve the philosophy of Pythagoras.

## THE GIRL OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Ah! tell me not of the heights sublime,  
The rocks at Harper's ferry,  
Of mountains rent in the lapse of time—  
They're very beautiful—very!  
I'm thinking more of the glowing cheek  
Of a lovely girl and merry,  
Who climb'd with me to yon highest peak—  
The girl of Harper's ferry.

She sailed with me o'er the glassy wave  
In yonder trim-built wherry;  
Shall I ever forget the looks she gave  
Or the voice which rang so merry?  
To the joy she felt, her lips gave birth—  
Lips, red as the ripest cherry—  
I saw not Heaven above, nor Earth—  
Sweet girl of Harper's ferry!

We clamber'd away over crag and hill  
Through places dark and dreary;  
We stooped to drink of the sparkling rill  
And gather the blushing berry;  
Dame Nature may sunder the Earth by storms  
And rocks upon rocks may serry,  
But I like her more in her fragile forms,  
My girl of Harper's ferry.

I followed her up the “steps of stone”  
To where the dead they bury;  
On Jefferson's rock she stood alone,  
Looking on Harper's ferry—  
But I, like Cymon, the gaping clown,  
Stood, lost in a deep quandary,  
Nor thought of the river, the rock, the town,  
Dear girl of Harper's ferry.

She carv'd her name on the well known rock,  
The rock at Harper's ferry;  
You would not have thought me a stone or stock  
Bending o'er charming Mary—  
Insensible rock! how hard thou wert  
Hurting her fingers fairy,  
Deeper she writ upon my soft heart—  
The girl of Harper's ferry.

Ye who shall visit this scene again,  
This rock at Harper's ferry,  
Come pledge me high in the brisk Champaigne  
Or a glass of the palest Sherry—  
And this is the name which ye shall quaff,  
The name of Mary Perry!  
She's fairer than all your loves by half—  
The girl of Harper's ferry.



## THE KIDNAPPER'S COVE.

I have always felt deeply interested in the past history of the Aborigines of our country; and with a pleasure amounting to enthusiasm, embrace every occasion of retracing the annals of that once noble and heroic, but now degraded and scattered race. Who that has any taste for the wild and picturesque, would not love to roam along the Susquehanna, and call up the associations with which its leafy forests are rife? They were once the favorite hunting grounds of the numerous tribes of Indians, belonging to the empire of the Five Nations, whose sway extended over every mountain, plain and river, from Champlain to Carolina.

I set out upon my summer ramble, attracted by the feelings I have mentioned, to visit scenes of so much traditional interest; and being unacquainted with the topography of the adjacent country, I sought out one of its oldest settlers in the hope of obtaining a guide, and some information respecting the most remarkable relics of the past. I was so fortunate as to fall in with a real old forester, one who loved nature in her wilderness, who had trod her labyrinths of shade ere the woodman's axe was heard clearing the way for rising villages and busy factories. I found him animated with antiquarian zeal, with a memory filled with stories of by-gone days, and a spirit of poetic fervor, which could re-people every spot with living images of the wild beings who had there fulfilled their mysterious destiny. He readily offered to be my guide in Indian antiquities, and we set out on our pilgrimage; Oliver Oldham (thus was my cicerone called) beguiling the way, now with a story, now with a song of ancient time, suggested by this well-remembered pass, that over-hanging rock, or steep waterfall. All was animated, all interesting, on the tongue of this old narrator. He carried me back to the days when the Indians and the white settlers were united in bonds of amity and love; when the unsuspecting red man showed no dispositions but those of the most friendly and confiding nature, towards the race before which he was so soon to disappear, and from which he was fated to receive such injuries. He retraced the history of aggression, and related several incidents of harrowing barbarity, in which the power of our race was perverted to oppress and finally to crush our ancient friends and allies. My mind retaining some historical recollection of the massacre of the Conestogo Indians by the white inhabitants of Pextang, I requested my companion to proceed towards the site of that ancient settlement. As we advanced, we saw nothing to remind us of the first masters of the soil, save the magnificent features of nature, still bearing the appropriate epithets of their language. The mighty voice of the Susquehanna still roared through its breakers, and the dark form of the Black Warrior lifted itself on high. Having arrived at the supposed spot of the cruel massacre, Oliver gave me a short history of the war-like and generous tribe who once inhabited the extensive and flourishing settlement, lying between the Susquehanna and Conestogo creek. Among the rocks and fastnesses to which it is said the Indians fled for refuge in the general destruction of their tribe, he particularised one, called the "Rock of Sacrifice," with which, he remarked, there was a singular tradition connected; and another story of still deeper interest, with a bend in the

river just below it, which he pointed out as the "Kidnapper's Cove;" thus designated from a remarkable circumstance which once happened there. "But," said he, "as both places are inseparably connected in my own mind, I will begin with the "Rock of Sacrifice," and tell you what the Indian legends relate of both.

The tradition is, that only six warriors escaped the murder of their people; and not wishing to survive the fall of their nation, sacrificed themselves on this spot to the god of vengeance, believing they should be permitted in the land of spirits to behold the day of just retribution on their murderers. One of these chiefs was known by the appellation of the "Spread Eagle," from his power and majesty. He was a famous chief; his word in council, and his arm in war, were alike irresistible. He was the friend and ally of the whites. He said, "they are wise, they will teach us their arts, there is room enough for us both, let them fell the trees and till the soil, the wilderness stretches to the great waters, our young men can follow the chase, and our old ones learn to grow a great nation. Our white brethren must dwell among us." His counsel was followed, and mutual amity established between the two races. At length the rapacious thirst for gain fomented discord, and the Indians were assailed and murdered in cold blood. The Spread Eagle, by his wonderfully muscular strength, fought through the enemy, bearing two children (the only remaining members of his family) on his shoulders. He fled to the habitation of Colonel Carlisle, who in the general defection had maintained the cause of the persecuted Indians. His confidence in this tried friend, while all around was treachery and bloodshed, wavered not; and he rushed through the infuriated crowd to the covert of his protection. Exhausted by exertion and mental anguish, he had scarcely reached the door, when he beheld his murderers in close pursuit. Darting forward with a last effort, he threw his children at the feet of Carlisle, exclaiming, "is there mercy, is there faith, in the heart of one white man?" "Fear not," replied the voice of his protector, "I will defend you from every assault of your enemies." The Indian's emotion was overwhelming. He vented not in words the deep feelings with which his heart was torn, but his large chest heaved with the inward struggle. After a few moments he became tranquil, and uttered his determination in a few brief words—"Carlisle, my people are gone—their blood dyes the ground—the smoke of their wigwams darkens the sky—I will not stay to see their ashes scattered by the wind—I will join my brothers in the spirit-land—see you yonder rock? It points upwards. To night its blaze will tell that the last Conestogo chiefs have gone to call down vengeance on their murderers. The Great Spirit drinks the blood of the brave, but he calls not for the death of the young, they must live to do deeds of glory. Carlisle, your children have sported with mine on the brink of the roaring stream—let them roam together until ten winters have stripped the leaves off the trees: then, my children, mind the course of the sun—he rises in the east, but he goes down in the west—follow his path until you find the home of the red man. Arrowfoot and Caraola, my children, remember the words of your father. Make not your home with the white man—get far away from him, but shed not his blood—you have eaten of his bread, and slept by his fire: die sooner

than do him harm, lest the frown of the Great Spirit darken your souls, but forget not he has shed the blood of your people, and broken the faith of his promise." He rose, and unloosing his wampum belt, presented it to Carlisle, which he received as the pledge of faith and friendship. The next moment the "Spread Eagle" was gone. As soon as it was dark, Colonel Carlisle looked towards the beacon rock. Its fires were just kindling, but soon six figures were seen within the circle of their ravages. They stood, like the rocks around, unmoved and unterrified by the fury of the conflagration. He watched, until the fiery billows swept over the self-devoted victims. Arrowfoot and Caraola were also spectators of the scene. Their sympathies, unlike those of the little group around, were not expressed in tears of grief, or shrieks of terror. In silent and fixed attention they stood with their backs against a tree, until the last flickering spark was gone. Then each took the hand of the other, and pointing to the extinguished pile, promised to obey their father's command.

Arrowfoot and Caraola were immediately taken as inmates into Colonel Carlisle's family, and the natural shyness and suspicion of the Indian character, dispelled by the affectionate attention bestowed on them by every member of the household.

Colonel Carlisle had been very unfortunate in his domestic ties. Death had successively swept to the grave six children; and last of all his beloved wife, who sunk under the repeated strokes of family affliction. Eva and Eldred were now the melancholy father's only ties to existence. She was the oldest. Eleven summers had fanned the auburn ringlets on her snowy brow, and health and joy sparkled on her radiant cheek. But little Eldred, though nine years old, was feeble and infantine; claiming a double share of his father's care and tenderness. The Indian children soon became the favorite and happy companions of Carlisle's own. They bounded with them through the wild woods of the Susquehanna, Caraola bearing Eldred on her shoulder as lightly as a bird skipped over the rocks; and Arrowfoot teaching the nimble foot of Eva where to rest in climbing the steep precipice. His dexterity in the use of the bow was an unceasing source of amusement: and the young foresters often spent the day pursuing the chase, and at night brought home a fawn, the trophy of Arrowfoot's skill.

Such was the childhood of Eva and Eldred—passed amidst the magnificence of nature, with two of her untutored children to teach them how to love and commune with her in the thundering waterfall, the deep voice of the coming storm, or the whispers of the evening wind—each was alike delightful, because each was alike expressive of her beauty or her grandeur. The disposition of Arrowfoot was naturally contemplative—that of Caraola, tender and romantic. While he, in thoughtful mood, watched the swift current of the mighty river, journeying to meet its kindred fountains in the deep, and imagined himself also a traveller in ceaseless step in pursuit of an unknown destiny, she would sit on the beetling rock, overhung by the dark hemlock, and chant the funeral dirge of her tribe, and, pointing to the Indian mound, describe to her little group of wrapt listeners, the mysterious rites of interment, and the plentiful supplies which are left with the dead, to sustain them till they reach the spirit-land.

Her soul seemed to live in the memories of the past, associating with the majestic scenery around her recollections of the faded glory of her people.

Colonel Carlisle thought it his duty to instruct these young orphans in some of the most useful branches of education; but he soon found that their spirits could not be tamed down to con over the dull elements of the white man's language. They loved better to climb some rocky steep in search of the young eaglet, or follow the bounding deer into the depths of the near forest. It was only when the young Eva became his teacher, that Arrowfoot listened to the page of instruction, and even then his eye would stray from the lesson, to the bright countenance that hung over it, in which his musing fancy beheld all it could picture of beauty and happiness. Believe not those who say the Indian's heart is only susceptible of the fierce emotions. Love, in all its strength and purity, often lies hidden in the deep recesses of his nature, prompting him to deeds of high daring and self-sacrifice, which the energies and feelings of civilized life, dissipated upon a thousand objects, are too weak to achieve. Arrowfoot looked on young Eva's face of sunshine, and felt the pride and sternness of his soul melt before it. At first he was happy, for it beamed on him in his lonely walks, and gladdened the darkest wood path. But a change came over him, when he attempted to analyze the feelings that soon warred within his bosom. He became moody and sad, for he knew the vision he had so long dwelt on would never pass away from his soul, and he remembered the promise that bound him. He held it sacred, for it was made to the parent and the chief; but darkness fell upon his soul, and no star lighted the dim and dreary destiny to which he was hastening. The struggle was however fearful between the dignity and firmness of the Indian character, and the softer but still powerful feelings that are called forth in men of every tribe and language, by the fascinations of beauty, and the smiles of artless affection. One day, when Eva was trying to awaken his interest in the records of history, he exclaimed, turning on her a countenance of grief and wounded pride, "Does Eva wish Arrowfoot to forget the misfortunes of his race? Then tell him not of the triumphs, the glories of other nations. Once the Indian could boast of the valor of his warriors, and the number of his captives, but now he is driven from his war-paths, and his hunting grounds. He is robbed of his rights; and his injuries swell the page of your nations triumphs. If he receives justice, it is because the oppressor grows weary of trampling on the fallen. If he receives kindness, he is base enough to forget the wrongs of his people. But Eva, my father's death-song sounds in my ears. His voice calls to me from the spirit-land, and bids me break the spell that has bound me even near the grave of my nation. He says the daughter of the white man has smiled on me, and the coil of the serpent is around my heart. Oh, start not! The bright sun warms into life the poison hemlock, and the healing balsam. But I must go. It is the hand of destiny that shapes our lot; we may war against it, but we cannot control it."

The spring of the young Indian's activity seemed gone. He no longer took delight in the difficult and perilous adventure. He wandered amid the solitude of nature, only to indulge the musings of a sensitive and unhappy mind.



Colonel Carlisle marked, with deep interest, the change which had come over the boy. He knew too well the silent, dignified fortitude of the Indian, to make any direct inquiry as to the cause of his sadness. His sympathy was only shown in redoubled acts of kindness, which availed nothing but to make Arrowfoot throw a deeper covering of reserve over his feelings, and avoid, as much as possible, the society of those he loved best. Months passed away, and still there was on his countenance, "the settled shadow of an inward strife." The cause was a mystery to all, but it acted as a check upon the full tide of joyful existence, which animated Eva and Eldred.

The lapse of two years wrote its changes on the brows of all that household. In Eva, the lovely child expanded into the fair and beautiful proportions of womanhood. Eldred's pale cheek was exchanged for the ruddy glow of health and exercise, and his frame became more vigorous as he grew old enough to share the mountain sports of the young Indian, who, now tall and athletic, displayed all the physical powers of his race. His constitutional fortitude, strengthened by the habits of reflection acquired in civilized life, enabled him to bear his fate with great endurance; and he looked on the object of his affections with the fixed and melancholy gaze, which some lovely wanderer might cast towards the pure star, that shone bright and far, above him. He sought not to attain her; he made no effort even to gain her sympathy: but his way was not altogether so dark as if the beam had been withdrawn.

Colonel Carlisle had resided in Pennsylvania from early manhood: one sister shared with him the valuable funded property left by their father, a wealthy Bristol merchant; but a large proportion of the estate he had realized, was vested in land, which, according to the custom of the country, only descended in the male line. The feeble state of Eldred's health through infancy and childhood, led many to anticipate the time when these large estates would pass from Colonel Carlisle's family, to that of his sister; who, married to an East Indian, was the mother of a wild and roving boy. Communication was tardy and uncertain in those days; for the hidden powers of earth, air and water, had not then been called into action, by the commanding energies of man; and Colonel Carlisle having united his fortune with the early adventurers in the colonies, while animated by the ardor of youth, soon felt that the ties which bound him to the home of his childhood, were feeble, compared with those man frames for himself in maturer years.

He was sitting one evening, revolving in his mind some of the pleasant memories of days long past, and scenes in which that sister had been always at his side, when a purpose he had formed, of writing forthwith to inquire after her welfare, and inform her of the health and happiness of his own domestic circle, was frustrated by the arrival of tidings from New York, that an officer in the British Navy, the son of his sister Mrs. Fitzgerald, had just arrived in port, and would come down to visit him in a few days. The heart of the affectionate old man throbbed with joy at the prospect of embracing his young relative. "He is a noble fellow I doubt not," said he to his daughter. A little wild in his youth, I have heard that his strange adventures gave my sister much pain, but young men will be thought-

less, and women's fears often outrun discretion, you know, my little Eva." "Yes," he continued to himself, as she went dancing on, to spread the joyful news of the arrival of a gay young visitor, through the house, "the boldest and finest spirits often commit extravagancies, before education and experience give them the right bent, 'the upward and onward course.' Poor fellow! he has had little of that best instruction, a father's high and pure example. Fitzgerald is an honest man, as the world goes, but I doubt if he could teach his son any thing better than to scrape together ingots. But half the blood in his veins is *Carlisle*, and that could not flow on in the same current with any thing mean or dishonorable. Besides, he wears his majesty's uniform; so, as his father would say, *the balance* is in favor of his being a brave man and a true."

The expected guest at length came, and was welcomed by Colonel Carlisle with honest warmth. As he surveyed the noble figure of his nephew, in the imposing costume of the British navy, he felt assured that all his hopes for him were realized; and was proud of the relationship between them. Eva and Eldred with beating hearts gave a timid welcome to their dashing kinsman, but were not perfectly at ease until, with the frankness of a sailor, he inquired if they believed him to be "the old man of the sea," told of in children's story books? "Ah," he said, taking Eva by the hand, "I have dreamed of your blue eyes and sunny curls, but I never *even dreamed* that you would not be glad to see your own cousin Julian. You will not confess it, but I hope this warm hand and mantling cheek, tell another tale." Then turning to Eldred, he exclaimed, "Is this the little fellow I have often heard my mother talk of, who was't quite large enough to be elected king of the fairies? Why here he is a sturdy boy, who could heave the anchor of my schooner." Then the young Indians were introduced, and a few particulars added to what Julian already knew of their history. Caraola was struck with the glitter of the young officer, but Arrowfoot looked coldly on him, and soon turned away. Between the visitor and the stern Indian there existed, from the first, a sort of repulsion, such as we see between substances of the most opposite nature. It was attributed by those around them, to the difference of nature and habit, which had brought all the feelings and mental qualities of the sailor to the surface, and buried those of Arrowfoot in impenetrable reserve. This assumed the rigidity of marked dislike towards the stranger, who evidently felt uneasy at "the keen encounter" of his dark eye. The Indian was often reproached by the open-hearted company, for avoiding their society, and taking part in none of their plans of amusement: but as he gave no reason, his coldness was attributed to some trivial prejudice, or intuitive dislike. This was a check upon the hilarity of the young party: for Julian was the spring of all their gaiety. Now, gathered around him, they hung with breathless interest upon the fascinating adventures of the sailor's life; now, seated in the pleasure boat, they skimmed the clear waves of the Susquehanna, he chanting some merry or sentimental air, and keeping time with the graceful dip of his oar. The person of the young officer never appeared to so much advantage as when borne on the surface of his own element; his spirits seemed to acquire an elasticity which gave grace to every motion, while

his full, black eyes sparkled through the thick curls that floated in the evening breeze. Arrowfoot never failed to join these excursions; though apparently unobservant of what was passing, he sat silent and apart. Julian was evidently incommoded by his presence, and sometimes seemed to shrink from his searching eye. What could there be about the gay visitant to awaken the suspicion or the hatred of the Indian! It could not be jealousy. The young foreigner had disclaimed all pretensions to the hand of his fair cousin, by urging her, with the freedom and affection of a brother, to accept the addresses of a youthful admirer in the neighborhood. Indeed, Eldred appeared Julian's favorite, from the deep interest he took in all the boy's amusements, and the fatigue and self-denial he would undergo to promote his pleasure. With all the zest of fifteen, he hunted, sailed or angled as suited the whim of Eldred; and declared he would joyfully exchange the deck of his schooner, for the hunting grounds of the Susquehanna. He had so completely won the boy's heart, that Eldred talked boldly of forsaking his books and going abroad with Fitzgerald. The proposition was actually made to Colonel Carlisle, who, at first, treated it as a jest; but when he perceived that his nephew was serious in urging the thing, and that he had gained Eldred's hearty assent, he firmly but affectionately refused to suffer his son to go beyond parental restraint at his early age. Eldred was disappointed, but with the gentleness which marked his disposition, cheerfully submitted to his father's wishes; but Julian was not only disturbed, but displeased. This was the first time he had exhibited any thing of a sensitive or suspicious nature. He asked if his uncle had not confidence in the affection he had evinced for Eldred, or in the promises he had made to guard him from all evil? His feelings were only calmed by new assurances on the part of Colonel Carlisle, that his confidence in the regard of his nephew was greatly heightened by this last expression of it.

The day following, Julian, with a melancholy countenance, informed Colonel Carlisle, that he had received orders to leave port in less than a week, and of course he must reach his vessel in time to make the necessary arrangements; two or three days more were all he could spend with the beloved relatives to whom his heart was doubly bound by the ties of kindred and affection. These tidings spread gloom over every face but Arrowfoot's. With a penetrating glance, he sought to read the secret purposes of the stranger, whose words he heeded not. Julian turned from the inquisitive look; and, with averted eyes, remarked to Colonel Carlisle, that business called him immediately to the neighboring town; but as he should only be detained a few hours, he hoped to return in time to take a last sail with the little party on the noble river, which would ever dwell in his memory, the mirror of many past joys.

But I see you are curious to know whether the young Eva was proof against the attractions of the gallant officer? Did her guileless heart receive no arrow from the vagrant Cupid, who is so apt to make one in water excursions and rambles in search of the picturesque; and who, often an unbidden guest, forces himself into pleasant country parties, to disturb their harmony and mar all their pastimes. She remained "fancy free;" for Julian Fitzgerald deigned not to borrow from the quiver of the mischievous boy, and Eva's was not a

love to be bestowed, unsought. She was a being, too, of deep affections: and though her cousin was handsome, brave, full of recitals of wild and varied interest, and amusing sketches of life and manners, which she knew only through books, his character was not one to excite her enthusiasm. It seemed to her romantic spirit, deficient in the lofty qualities which could alone call forth the enduring love of a refined, feeling woman; though she admitted that it must be a very pleasant world where the men were all as gay, and agreeable, and courteous as he. With his knowledge of the human heart, he might have found it no very difficult matter to deceive his cousin Eva's penetration, had his pride or vanity, or any of the thousand springs of action by which men are actuated, been put in motion: but he existed for more stirring scenes; though, now like a bird pursuing its mysterious way from one far land to another, he paused to rest for awhile amid song and sunshine.

The hours of Fitzgerald's absence were spent by the family in preparing mementos of regard, for him to take to their mutual friends in England. He returned before Eva had completed her package; and, as if to drive away care, rallied her on the Quaker taste of her presents. But though he assumed gaiety, he was restless and uneasy, and sometimes fell into fits of abstraction, from which he would suddenly start, and attribute his unusual sadness to the prospect of parting so soon from his only friends in America. Eldred hung on him, persuading him with artless and disinterested affection to renounce his wandering life, and share with him the large domains that would be his in a few years. But the young officer smiling at the boy's simplicity, replied that he would "owe fortune only to his own arm, and to the favoring gale."

The evening came on, and the little party embarked on the bright river. The breeze was fresh, dimpling it with smiles, and soft and fleecy clouds flitted over them, on their way to form a canopy of splendor the retiring monarch of day. The scene seemed to revive the spirits of Julian, and he resumed his animated tone, as he called over the roll for the excursion. "Where is our pilot Arrowfoot?" said Eva, looking round. "Oh, the Indian boy," replied Julian, "I did not perceive he was missing. But you will not deny me the pleasure of commanding your little bark this last cruise we shall make together? I am sure I shall steer as gallantly as he, and as safely too." "No doubt of it, dear cousin," answered Eva, "but there is something singular in his leaving his post, without giving us any reason for it." "I thought," said Eldred, "he had gone with you, Julian. I hav'nt seen him since your return." "No, indeed," replied the young officer, "I believe he has no desire for my companionship. These Indians are strange beings; I would as soon think of taming the mountain eagle as of civilizing them." "Slacken sail," cried Eldred, "if I mistake not, that speck on the waters is Arrowfoot's bark canoe. Yes, I know the dash of his paddle; he is making towards us with all his strength." "What can the boy have been after?" remarked Fitzgerald, in rather an anxious tone: but the next moment the Indian came alongside, and bounded into the boat, leaving his own light canoe to drift down the current.

"I thought," said Eldred joyfully, "that our old pilot



would not desert us altogether. But where have you been? Out of breath, and as pale as a corpse! Have you been fighting with a wolf, or capsized by the water-fiend?" "You will not speak," exclaimed Eva, as he turned silently away, and fixed his eyes on the dark cove they were nearing; "can you not tell us whether the spirit who haunts yon depths will be propitious, for we are going to invade his realms?" "You have nothing to fear from the water-spirit," replied Arrowfoot, "but why do you not sail up the river as you have always done before?" "Because Julian wishes to see the cove," said Eva gaily; "and with you at the helm we fear nothing." "Trust not to that," replied he, in a low tone, "I would guard you from danger with my life, but—I would we were sailing up the stream," he continued with increased anxiety. "What can you mean, Arrowfoot?" cried the now alarmed girl, but immediately recovering her natural buoyancy of spirit, she rallied him on his superstition. "Have you seen a raven hovering over us, or does the moon dip her horn?" she laughingly inquired. "Believe not the omen, but let us follow these merry waves that go dancing by us, to 'the cave of their slumbers,' and hear the wild song of the water-spirit soothing them to rest under yon rude canopy of rock." Fitzgerald now approached. "I do not like to see my cousin's bright countenance wearing this shadow? What gloomy forebodings are these that disturb you, Eva?" "I wish," answered she, "that we had taken the usual course, for Arrowfoot thinks we are not quite safe in venturing into the cove this evening. Night is coming on, and perhaps we may strike upon some hidden rock." "Never fear," rejoined he, "I am an old cruiser, who has doubled Cape Horn and been baptized by Neptune. I want to show you how we steer through dangers in real nautical style. This young Indian," he continued in a lower tone, "knows nothing about it." "More perhaps than you think he does," said Arrowfoot, sternly; for the almost whispered accents had reached his acute ear. Julian turned away apparently disconcerted, but in a few moments was himself again, and that he might obliterate every uneasy feeling from the breasts of the little party, played off Jack-tar for their entertainment with so much odd singularity and humor, that all, save the lone Indian, entered into the spirit of his drollery, and forgot every thing but the fantastic drama before them. He stood apart, gazing first on the dark masses of rock which overhung the river, then down its broad and deep solitudes of water, on which no skiff or fishing boat was visible. They were now entering the unfrequented cove. Seldom was it that even the canoe of the wild Indian disturbed the stillness of this spot. How strange was it then to see a small boat rise as it were out of the waters, and emerge from the shadow of the rocks within a few hundred yards of them. Arrowfoot, whose wary ear had heard the dash of oars before it was visible, stood with straining eye fixed upon it as it rapidly approached them. "I'll declare, the water-spirit you were talking of," said Fitzgerald, "has taken the form of a fishing boat, and Arrowfoot is going to answer his demand why we presume to come into his presence. But let me speak him as we do a ship at sea, and lo! the charm will dissolve, and the whole affair turn out to be nothing more than a trader going down stream." In a moment he took out an in-

strument something like a bugle, but of a peculiar tone, and blew a few notes, which were answered by another of the same kind, and an attempt on the part of the trader to overhaul them. "I told you," said Julian, "it was no water-witch. See she wishes to give us a friendly salute, and learn where we are bound." Eva's looks were directed first to her cousin and then to the Indian, but for whose look of alarm and defiance she would have enjoyed the adventure. The boat came nearer, and yet seemed steered by invisible hands, for no one could be seen beneath the awning which was raised at one end of it. "What lazy hulks," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "to let their boat float on with the current, while they lie dozing there. I'll pipe them again, and if they don't answer more gaily I'll board them straightway." He raised his bugle just as they were in the act of passing, and sounded a note, which was replied to by two figures masked and muffled in short cloaks, springing on the side of their little bark. "Good God! who are you? what is your purpose?" cried he, in a tone of consternation. "Villains! Murderers!" shouted Arrowfoot, straining the terrified Eldred close to his bosom. The ruffians rushed upon him, and the cry of despair he uttered when he found he could not retain his hold upon the boy, revealed their success. The struggle had been momentary. The Indian was shaken off into the water, by men whose nerve had been strengthened by many a scene of blood and strife; and the child he had so vainly striven to defend was heaved into the boat of the strangers. One wild shriek pierced the silence of the cove and all was still, while the pirates pushed silently down the stream. Eva sunk lifeless on the bosom of Caraola, who seemed stunned by the events which had just occurred, but soon her mournful wail told her utter hopelessness. Julian Fitzgerald stood silent and unmoved. Where was his vaunted courage, which had made no effort to rescue a helpless boy? "Caraola," he at length said, "I have been thinking what course we had best pursue, to overtake these murderers before they have completed their bloody purpose. I would follow them immediately, but we must first get assistance for this fainting girl." "Oh go," cried she, "I can steer the boat—I can revive Eva." Her voice, as it dwelt on the emphatic word "go," roused the unconscious sufferer to a sense of her wretchedness. "Go—haste—save him—my brother, my father's darling," she shrieked in agony. "Julian, do you hesitate?" "No, Eva—I am rowing with all my strength—I must leave you in safety. My plan is formed. Your father will approve it. We must raise forces and scout the country around, for the ruffians will not dare to execute their design on the river. We can rescue the boy before they reach a place of concealment." "Oh Julian, speed, speed fast," she said, in a tone of touching entreaty, "my brother's life depends upon your arm. Oh Caraola, is Arrowfoot too gone? I know he clung to him as long as life remained. Did they kill him?" "They threw him off," replied Caraola, but he lives still. I saw him striving to reach yonder shore. His heart is strong, and though his young arm bends like the sapling, I know the Great Spirit will strengthen it."

The night had fallen dark and gloomy ere they reached Colonel Carlisle's door. Eva's cry of anguish caught her father's ear, and he rushed to meet them.

"Is it my child's voice I hear?" exclaimed he, with alarm. "Speak Eva! where is your brother? Oh God! what has befallen him?" "He is gone, father—gone! seized by strangers; hasten to pursue—Julian, tell him all!" she said, as she gasping, fell into Caraola's arms. He briefly sketched the events of the evening, and the probable design of the ruffians, to obtain the costly watch and diamonds which it was ascertained Eldred wore as a pledge of the inheritance to which he was heir. It might be from some motive of revenge to the father, but that Colonel Carlisle's open heart and hand, his high-minded and useful career, checked the supposition of his having a secret enemy.

The necessity for instant exertion prevented the old man's heart from bursting under this unexpected calamity. A company was raised for immediate pursuit. Julian co-operated in every plan to regain the lost boy, and set out as the leader of a party to search every spot where it was possible the villains had found a harbor. Colonel Carlisle himself headed another, but being scarcely able to guide his own steps, he yielded to his nephew's counsel, and returned home, that he might not delay others in their search.

We will leave Fitzgerald engaged in this fruitless enterprise, and follow the trace of the boat which bore Eldred away from all he loved on earth. He lay still in the bottom of it, with a gag in his mouth and his tender frame enveloped in a seaman's cloak. He heard but the splash of the oars and the shrill cries of the night-hawk scared from its solitary resting place. The hardened wretches, whose victim he had become, heeded not his stifled sobs, but leaving the wide Susquehanna, rowed up Conistoga creek until they came to a little inlet, which formed a very secluded cove, overhung by precipitous banks and surrounded by unbroken wood. There they lifted out the now senseless boy, and making fast their boat to the rocks, bore him through rugged paths to an old tenantless habitation, which had once been a mill-house, but all its works having been destroyed by a recent flood it had been left a wreck in the midst of desolation. Not until they had deposited their burden in the remotest corner of the building, did these murderers break the profound silence in which they had travelled. Having descended the ladder by which they had entered the upper story, and carefully concealed it from view, they began to consult upon the best means to adopt. "Did he say," asked McMurdough, "that he would be here before day light? I am against delaying the thing. A bird in the hand may flutter." "He said we might depend on him," replied Hawkins. "I would rather obey orders in these things. It is enough for my conscience to do the deed; let them bear the responsibility that get the money." "Hush!" whispered the other; "didn't you hear the leaves stir?" "Nothing," said his comrade, "but that cursed whippoorwill going to set up its screech. I'll tell you, Hawkins, I had just as lief tap the boy on the head as to crack an egg, but this Antonio is a cunning fellow. He always leaves some hole to creep out at himself, but his poor followers must take care of themselves. He likes to get others to do his dangerous deeds too, but I know I must hear the clink of the Spanish dollars or he never sets foot on the deck of the Scudder again, and so I've told him." "McMurdough," said Hawkins, "did I tell you what I heard

them Yankee lubbers say, as we cruised off Newport?" "Who cares for their guesses? As soon set a parcel of clams to privateering as such as them." "Not so fast. They showed some cuteness in their talk. One tapped the other as our vessel was gliding by and said, 'Jonathan, as ever I hope to eat pumpkin pie thanksgiving day, that's no English trader, though she does spread their colors. Notice how clear she keeps of 'old Ironsides.' I bet you don't find her shaking hands, if she can help it. I'll stake a Jew's-harp she hoists other colors before she gets much farther.'" "And strikes them too," replied the other. "That's all talk," said the first: "I've heard all about the Buccaneers, as they call 'em, and what nice traps are laid for 'em, but where's one they have ever caught? Catch a pirate before you hang him say I." "So say I too," said McMurdough, laughing. "As long as we have satisfaction among ourselves we may defy the devil; but some things must be altered, or I don't serve under Antonio." "McMurdough, the boy keeps very quiet," observed Hawkins: "like as not you fixed him, so he'll die before his time." "May be so—he's but an unfledged bird, and will not stand rough handling. No concern of mine, I did but *his* bidding." "The moon is wrapping herself up in as black a cloak as ours," remarked Hawkins, "so we might as well take a little rest. But first I'll step above and see about the child. If he's smothered, all the better; I never had so little mind to a job in my life." "Why so? he says there is no doubt of the fortune—just put this one out of the way, and he's the next heir." "It goes against my conscience, McMurdough, to shed the blood of the young and innocent; let there be guilt where I strike."

He ascended the ladder, and groped for the spot where lay the victim of their cruelty. No sound escaped from him, and it was not until he pulled away the gag and uncovered his face, that he perceived the boy still breathed. His pulses were quick and faint, betokening exhausted and failing life. He was evidently locked in a deep slumber, which neither the terrors of his situation nor the gripe of the iron screws, had power to break. Folded in the sweet mantle of forgetfulness, he was insensible to every thing but the busy fancies that sported in his brain. Even the stern heart of the murderer relented, when a straggling moonbeam fell on the pale face, and revealed the bruises made by the hand of violence. The fresh air seemed already to revive the young slumberer, and he had not the heart to shut it out, but turned his head towards the rent in the wall, and then endeavored to seek repose in another part of the building.

The covering of night was not so secure as the banditti supposed. The faithful Arrowfoot, with untiring step, had followed all the windings of their rugged course. Resolving not to lose the traces of their flight, he had traversed dangers which by day light would have appeared impassable; and while they were placing their charge in the upper story of the house, crept within hearing and laid himself down in a thick underwood, where his ear caught every word which passed between them. It was his presence which had scared the whippoorwill from its perch, and gave occasion to the imprecation of the ruffian. He listened intently to their discourse, which revealed all he suspected, that Julian was the contriver of the whole scheme of abduc-



tion and murder. As soon as he heard this, he moved off as lightly as the air itself, and making his way to the boat they had left, seized the oars, and with the skill of a practised hand pushed over the water, straining every nerve to give the alarm before Fitzgerald's arrival at the designated spot.

He was conscious of his danger in meeting the false-hearted villain, and blessed the thick veil of darkness which concealed his little bark from view. His only thought was to reach home before the star of Eldred's fate had set forever; and kind nature almost seemed to stay her rapid wheels, to give the devoted Indian the only boon he sought, time to arrest the murderer's knife. Having reached the landing, he bounded like the shot arrow, to the chamber where the wretched father paced the floor in the phrensy of despair. Arrowfoot rushed into his presence, exclaiming, "Where is Fitzgerald?" "Not returned," replied the deep voice of agony, "the search is fruitless—Julian delays to confirm the fatal tidings." "Hasten, Carlisle, if ever you hope to see your son again—he lives, but the hour for his death is appointed—the assassin waits but the sentence from the mouth of your nephew Fitzgerald to despatch him. Stand not motionless. Doubt not the certainty of what I tell you. I have pursued the ruffians and heard all the plot. In two hours, Eldred's fate may be sealed: for the ruffians wait but the return of their leader, Julian Fitzgerald. Arm yourselves and follow me," he cried to the gathering retainers of the household, as, seizing the first weapon that came to his hand, he darted towards the river where he had fastened the little skiff.

While Arrowfoot is leading the way towards the lonely habitation where he had left the imprisoned boy, we will follow the covert footsteps of Julian. After he had prevailed on Colonel Carlisle to retire from the search, he dispersed the band under his guidance, in every direction, but the right one, and under pretence of making inquiries at a small fishing station, sailed down the river alone, intending to take this opportunity to meet the instruments of his dark purposes.

The brow of McMurdough lowered with angry impatience, as leaning against an overshadowing tree, he waited the appearance of Fitzgerald. The assassin knew too well his rapacity for wealth to believe that any trivial cause could detain him, and yet the "slow paced night" had nearly finished her circuit without his coming. At length the glimmer of twilight gave place to the broad day, and still he came not. In a state of fearful doubt and uncertainty McMurdough strode backwards and forwards, resolving the part he should take.

The return of light roused the sleeping senses of Eldred. The unfinished dream still floated in his fancy, and gave color to his words. "Oh! Arrowfoot you have saved me from falling headlong down the precipice. I should have perished but for you." "Who?" muttered the hoarse voice of Hawkins. Shuddering, at the sound the boy looked up, and beheld the savage visage of the robber bending over him. His recollection suddenly returned, and clinging to the cloak of the robber who was endeavoring to withdraw, he plead for mercy in the most moving terms. "What have I done," he exclaimed "how have I wronged you, or any one else? Tell me, and I will restore you fourfold. Only

spare my life, that is all I ask, and you shall be rewarded. I am my father's darling, he will give all he has for my life. Think, were you a father, had you but one son, the hope of your age, the pillow of your widowed heart, and he were torn——" "Boy, boy, your words pierce me like a sword! And yet it is not the voice of a child that can shake the mind from its purpose. It is the voice of the Almighty, crying *blood for blood!* What! can nothing pay the forfeit of blood, but blood again? Whose blood must pay this boy's? The deep answer speaks in my soul, my own child's blood is the price. I dare not, no I will not shed a drop of yours. Let others answer for their own deeds," he said, slowly retiring. As soon as he was alone, Eldred lifted up his heart to God, and prayed that he who hears the young ravens when they cry, would deliver him out of the hands of his enemies. Feeling tranquillized by casting himself upon the Almighty arm, he calmly surveyed the waving woodlands, and rushing streams, where had been the pastime and joy of his childhood. His eye caught the upwards flight of the "cloud cleaving eagle" soaring with unchained wing in boundless air, and he thought of the days when his heart bounded on wing as free and joyous, and the tears gushed from their full fountains as his head sunk on the broken aperture of the wall on which he was leaning. Absorbed in deep sorrow he heeded not the angry colloquy of the Kidnappers below, debating the point of his instant death or release. Hawkins refusing to take any further part in his destruction, and McMurdough in brutal ferocity at Fitzgerald's delay, threatening his immediate assassination. A confused noise of voices approaching, broke in upon their dialogue, putting every other idea to flight, but that of immediate escape; and they fled towards a deep ravine, hoping to secrete themselves in it, until the pursuit was over; but it was too late. The wary Indian had placed a guard at every pass, and they were soon made prisoners. What was their astonishment to see Fitzgerald in the train of their pursuers? The unusual darkness of the night, prevented his finding the secret path to the place of rendezvous, and seeing himself totally at fault, he was obliged to await the glimmer of day light, in order to proceed more securely. Arrowfoot's ear caught the sound of his stealthy tread, and warning his followers to advance cautiously, he darted forward, and intercepted Fitzgerald, at the spot where his followers had left the boat. It instantly flashed across his mind that his base design was known to the Indian; and resolving that his secret should perish with him, he drew his sabre and attempted to close with his adversary. But the movement was perceived in time for Arrowfoot to place himself on his guard; and although Julian was quick of eye and firm of foot, he gained no vantage ground. He was confident of success, for few had ever resisted that arm who encountered it in deadly strife: but Arrowfoot, with agile spring, always eluded the sweep of his weapon, and repaid his efforts by honest downright blows with a battle axe which he had seized from the boat of the Pirates. In the first moment of conflict, a shrill cry had given signal to the band of pursuers, but before they reached the spot, Julian Fitzgerald lay prostrate and disarmed at the feet of their leader. The skill and self possession which until now had always ensured him victory, failed in his struggle with the Indian. Conscience, defied so

long, at last asserted its power, and unnerved his arm. He uttered no word of wrath or of fear; but his clenched teeth, and the wild glare of his eye, spoke the roused ferocity of the demon within. Arrowfoot, leaving the prisoners in the care of the rest of his party, flew to the captive boy. Eldred was aroused from his slumber by his hurried steps. Thinking his murderers had returned to do the work of death, he dropped from his resting place on the wall, and terror depriving him of every other sensation, he heeded not the rush of many feet, or the cries of his distracted father calling his name. The deeply moving voice of Arrowfoot at length awoke him to the consciousness of life and hope. A faint sob was the only expression he was able to give to these overpowering emotions. In speechless ecstasy he gazed on the haggard face of his father; who, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, gave thanks to the Almighty for his merciful interposition.

The Indian soon became aware of the danger of such a reaction in the feelings of the boy, and bore him from Colonel Carlisle's presence into the near forest, where placing him on the bank of a murmuring rivulet, he bathed his temples, and, aided by the soothing sights and sounds of nature, soon restored him to tranquillity, and enabled him to return with his father and friends to the home where his sister watched with straining eyes, for some messenger who would tell her of his safety or his death.

Meantime the officers of the law took charge of the criminals. The general delight at receiving the lost one again shut out for a time all recollection of the traitor from the hearts of this affectionate family. But the indignation of the community was strongly excited, and numbers surrounded the prison, calling loudly for the instant trial of the prisoners. On examination, Fitzgerald protested that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. McMurdough maintained an obstinate silence. But Hawkins confessed the whole plot, and further added, that Fitzgerald had joined the Buccaneers in the West Indies in the preceding year—had distinguished himself in their piratical depredations by his daring courage; and was now commander of a small cruiser on the Chesapeake. Fitzgerald, he said, had not specified to him the person to be put out of the way, but only that one life stood between him and a large fortune, which all should share, provided his hand was not seen in the business. This evidence was sustained by that of Arrowfoot. When asked why he suspected the pretended affection of Fitzgerald for the boy, he replied in the sententious manner of his race, that he "saw him cast an evil eye on him, when he first met him." When questioned as to his knowledge of the scheme laid to entrap Eldred, he said that he saw "something dark working in Fitzgerald's mind, and followed him to the fishing town. There unperceived he saw him meet two men dressed as fishers, and all three walked off together. After a while, the fishermen returned, but Fitzgerald was gone, where, he knew not; he only suspected some evil was intended against the boy, for his fortune." When it was inquired why he did not reveal his suspicions? he replied, that he "scorned the part of a meddler or tale bearer, and he had no positive evidence of what he believed." The testimony was now summed up, and the jury retired to consider the verdict. Colonel Carlisle sent in a petition, recommending his guilty nephew

to the mercy of the court, but the intercession was rejected, and sentence of death pronounced on Fitzgerald and McMurdough. Hawkins, who was considered less guilty and who was penitent, was doomed to ten years imprisonment. The night preceeding the day fixed for their execution, the prison was discovered to be on fire; and before any aid could be procured, the devouring flames had enveloped the building, and rendered all access to the prisoners' rooms impossible. The next morning diligent search was made for their skeletons, but as they were never found, it was universally believed that the arch-villain Fitzgerald had found means to fire the prison, and taken advantage of the general confusion to fly with his associates from the penalty of the law.

Another cloud was soon to rest on Colonel Carlisle's family. The period destined for the departure of their Indian friends was at hand. Arrowfoot spoke not of his purpose, until his plans were matured, but his countenance betrayed the struggle within. There was something almost solemn in the secrecy and silence with which these young Indians made preparation for their pilgrimage. Lest they should yield to the sympathies of nature, in receiving the expressions of the love and gratitude of the companions of their childhood, they kept almost aloof from them; and it was only by stealth that Eva and Eldred conveyed to their secret depository, stores for their long journey, and mementos of attachment.

Colonel Carlisle, while he lamented deeply the obligation which must separate the Indian orphans from their only earthly friends, could not violate his pledge to their father by attempting to detain them. He restored to Arrowfoot the wampum belt of the Spread Eagle, remarking, that it contained something which he must not examine till he had crossed the great western river. The Indian made the promise, deeming it some mysterious token left him by his father; and Colonel Carlisle hoped the large sum of gold he had prevailed on him by this stratagem to accept, would be of use to him in after life.

The evening preceding his departure, Arrowfoot's heart seemed lighter than usual. He led Eva to one of the favorite haunts of their childhood. "Eva," he said, "you have seen my dark and sad countenance; you have thought me ungrateful and unhappy. Yes, the soul of Arrowfoot is debased; it has rebelled against the command of my dying father, and preferred degradation and pity to the high hopes of my brethren in the West. Eva, you know it not, but it was the spell of Eva's voice, the charm of Eva's eye, that darkened my soul; but now, that dream is gone, my soul rises from its sleep, and brushes away the dew that dimmed its sight." The tears of Eva flowed fast, to think that she had ever caused grief in such a noble heart. She turned to speak some word of comfort to him, but he had left her side, and plunged into the forest to regain calmness.

That night, when sleep had prest down the eyelids of Eva, and she lay in sweet unconsciousness of all, save the gay visions of happier years which floated through her brain, the beloved Caraola hung over her earliest friend, kissing her cheek and wetting it with her tears. The lovely sleeper heard not the deep sigh of suppressed sorrow, or the light foot which was passing forever from the home, where love and protection had



been extended to the children of the savage. The morning light revealed the truth. A fan of eagles' feathers was lying on Eva's pillow, and a bow and arrow were placed near Eldred's couch—the sole traces of their Indian friends. A melancholy void was left in the little group who had been wont to gather with cheerful faces round the hearth; and many a sigh and heartfelt prayer were breathed for the wanderers who came not again. Thus passed away, like the shadows of evening, the last scions of the Conistoga Indians.

## UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

A WINTER'S NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY EDWIN SAUNDERS.

The night is cold, the wind is bleak,  
The nearest road the shepherds seek  
To gain their home, to share the smile  
That shortens, sweetens all their toil—  
The smile of love, that well repays  
The labor of the darkest days.  
The driving snow comes down amain,  
Across the field and down the lane;  
The lucid stream that rolled along,  
With rapid course and ceaseless song,  
And wantoned in the sunny ray,  
Now hushed and still'd its course doth stay:  
The flowers and herbs that graced its side  
In nature's general death have died.  
Along the hedge and in the grove  
No more are heard, around, above,  
The thousand songs, and chirps, and cries,  
That thro' the leafy arches rise.  
The birds are gone, the trees are bare,  
And sadly mourns the very air—  
Their echo is no longer there.  
Their fitful sheep-bell on the gale,  
Like some lost spirit's dismal wail,  
Now borne in fearful loudness near,  
And now slow dying on the ear,  
Comes with a witchery o'er the soul,  
And seems like nature's funeral toll—  
The knell of beauty, life and grace,  
And this her last sepulchral dress.  
Is there a heart so hard, so cold,  
Without emotion can behold  
This general death, this quick decay  
Of all that's beautiful and gay?  
What, shall the happy woodland chime  
Be hushed, or seek a milder clime?  
What, shall the garden and the grove  
Be stripped of all that moved your love?  
The yielding stream, whose glassy face  
Gave back your form with tenfold grace,  
Be dulled and stiffened, and your eye  
Not know a tear, your heart a sigh?  
It cannot be!—regrets must steal  
O'er human souls, for we do feel.  
Yes, there's a close-linked sympathy—  
For this we know our fate must be;  
Though lord of nature, man's a part,  
And every change speaks to his heart;

But yet he hopes that spring shall come,  
And call her favorites from the tomb—  
That Flora shall descend and stand,  
And cast her garland round the land;  
And beauty, light, and joy, and bliss,  
Bring back creation's loveliness.  
And so it is, (the thought I love,)  
With the pure spirits from above.  
Man has his winter, and they stoop  
To give desponding mortals hope.  
Sent by their Maker, they sustain  
The drooping soul when worn with pain,  
And point the heart with sorrow riven  
To the pure joys of love and heaven.  
Yet though they know man soon shall rise  
In holy rapture to the skies,  
They feel such grief as spirits may  
At all the trials of the way,  
And long to bear him from the earth  
To waken in that glorious birth.  
Yes, there's a sympathy between  
The world without and world within,  
And there's a symyathetic band  
Connects us with that happy land.

London, January 1836.

## CRIME AND CONSEQUENCE.

Fons fraudum et maleficiorum.

'Tis the fountain of cozenage and villainy.

*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

There resided, many years ago, in a small town in one of the West India islands, an individual known by the name of Waring, whose singular habits attracted much attention, and procured for him no small degree of notoriety. He was apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, tall and thin, but well formed; and the few locks of hair that time had spared, were as white as snow, and strangely contrasted with the bushy jet-black brows beneath which the large eyes yet shone with the lustre of youth, and told of passions which had once been stormy, if they were even now at rest. The upper part of his face indicated intellect and daring, but there was a degree of feebleness about the lips; and the smile, which sometimes curled them, spoke of any thing but joy. He lived in almost total seclusion, avoiding all intercourse which was not absolutely necessary, and entirely confining himself to his own humble residence. In the front part of his house he kept a small retail shop, and there he was to be found from early dawn to dark; and for many years he had pursued this avocation, without ever attempting to increase his business, or holding communion with the people about him, save in the way of trade. Those of whom he purchased his goods were in the habit of calling on him to offer their wares, for he was a good customer, higgling, it is true, about the price, and standing out for the last farthing, but always paying in ready money, and ever exhibiting the most scrupulous honesty. In his small way his trade was extensive, for curiosity induced many from the neighboring country to call upon him; and in the

town, the lower classes and the negroes preferred dealing with one who they were sure would not take advantage of their ignorance to defraud them—a degree of integrity remarkably rare among the petty shopkeepers of ——. Of his early history nothing was known. He had come to the island in a small schooner, from some port in North America, and, soon after his arrival, took on lease the house in which he established himself, and which he afterwards purchased. In the rear of his dwelling was a tolerably large lot, which he had enclosed with a high paling, so as effectually to prevent his neighbors from watching his movements, and here he had resided for years, entirely alone. The delicious fruits and vegetables of that sunny clime and fruitful soil, which constituted his only food, were brought to his door for sale; and his habits of untiring industry enabled him easily to dispense with the attendance of a domestic. As he was not known to make any deposit or investment of the money he received, a notion generally obtained, that he was in the habit of burying it somewhere in the lot of ground which he had fenced in so carefully. Following up this idea, a plot had been laid by some desperadoes, to discover, if possible, the place of concealment, and possess themselves of the treasure. Three of them, one night, scaled the fence, and concealing themselves behind some empty hogsheads, awaited the coming forth of their intended victim, who, they conjectured, would visit his hidden treasure. Their motions, however, did not escape the vigilance of Mr. Waring. He came forth, it is true, and they rushed upon him, but two of them received the contents of a blunderbuss, by which they were instantly killed, and before the third recovered from his surprise, he was cut down by the blow of a sabre.

The noise of course occasioned an alarm, and a crowd collected to inquire into the cause. All information was refused, however, until the civil authorities should be present. They were sent for, and, upon their arrival, Mr. Waring unbarred his door, and led the way into the yard.

"I have been saving the courts and the hangman trouble," said the gray-haired old man, as he pointed, with a grim smile, to the bodies that lay drenched in gore; "take the carrion away."

From that time this singular being remained unmolested, by either the intrusions of curiosity, or the assaults of villainy. The house that I occupied was within a few doors of his, and the business in which I was engaged led to some transactions between us. It so happened, that in examining my books, I detected an overcharge which had been made against him by the inadvertence of one of my clerks. I of course hastened to inform him of the error, and to correct it. It was with some little difficulty that I persuaded him of the fact, but when it was made clear to him, he fixed his large eyes upon me with a peculiar expression, and taking my hand, pressed it with warmth.

"I do not thank you," said he, "merely for the trouble you have taken, or for the information you have given, which has enabled me to save, though a small sum of money, yet an important one to me. These, however, merit, and they have my gratitude; but I thank you, more particularly, for exhibiting a trait of honesty that my experience had scarcely led me to ex-

pect among the merchants of this place. You are from Virginia, I believe?"

I replied in the affirmative, and inquired if I might not greet him as a countryman.

"I never speak of the place of my birth," was the gloomy answer.

I have had too many, and too important affairs of my own, to care to busy myself much about those of other people; but, I must confess, I entertained a strong desire to learn something of this old man, and of the events which probably superinduced his eccentricities. My curiosity was destined to be gratified, though not immediately.

Years rolled on, my affairs had prospered, and I was preparing to return to my home, there to enjoy the fruits of my toil: the soil where he was born, is the *only home* to a true Virginian. One morning, to my great surprise, I received, by a negro boy, a note from Mr. Waring, saying that he desired an interview with me, which must be strictly private, and requesting me, if it suited my convenience, to call upon him at dusk. No trifling cause would have prevented my obedience to this summons. Accordingly, at the time appointed, I repaired to Mr. Waring's shop. He was busy, waiting on some customers, and I was about to retire; but he detained me, saying, "I will attend to you in a moment, Mr. S——." As soon as they had left him, he pointed to the back room—"Step in there, quickly, quickly!" he exclaimed, "and wait quietly my coming." I instantly obeyed. About a quarter of an hour elapsed before he joined me, and in the meantime I took a survey of the apartment. I have seldom seen a more wretched abode. An old leathern couch, a rickety table, two chairs, (one I strongly suspected for the *nonce*,) and an old wooden clothes chest, comprised the main portion of the furniture. The walls were bare, save where the spiders had hung their tapestry; bundles of rags and nondescript remnants of various useless things, were stuffed into every corner, and the whole wore the appearance of squalid poverty or pinching avarice. "Strange infatuation!" thought I, "that men should devote their prime of years, their powers of mind, to the acquisition of that which is to raise them above poverty, and yet when they have obtained the means to make life comfortable, voluntarily condemn themselves to the very privations which they had originally fled from as a curse! The measures we adopt to escape the evil, bind us by the chains of habit, to the condition itself which we deprecated."

As I made this reflection, he who suggested it entered. After a brief interval, during which he gazed upon me as if to search my very soul, he said, "Mr. S. you are curious to know who and what I am. Nay, never blush, man, it is natural enough. You cannot think it otherwise than strange, that one who is connected by no ties of consanguinity with his fellow men, who has no apparent motive for hoarding his gains, for whom ambition has no charms, and who is looked upon by no earthly being with the eye of affection, should condemn himself to the want of every comfort, for the acquisition of that, which in a brief space of time, must be snatched from him by the cold hand of death. You, no doubt, think it strange too, that one, whose language gives evidence of education, and I may say of capacity, which would place him at least on an equality with his



fellow men, should confine himself to the petty and despised occupation, in which for years I have been engaged. You probably deem me a miser; in one sense of the word I am one, for God's sun shines not on a greater wretch; but there breathes no human being, for whom wealth has fewer charms or smaller power. The coarsest raiment, the simplest food, and a bare shelter from the storm, are the limits of my bodily wants, and as for my mind riches cannot purchase it peace. Still, my aim has been to gather them; for what purpose you shall be informed. I have requested this interview, because I had reason to think you an honest man, and none but such would answer my purpose. I desire your agency and assistance in the performance of an act of justice, the execution of which has been the main object of my life. For your mere trouble you will be amply compensated; for the satisfaction you will afford me it is out of my power to offer an equivalent. Having thus stated my wishes, I shall proceed, irksome and degrading to me as is the task, to recount to you the narrative of my early life. I claim from you simply the promise that you will not, during my life time, reveal what I am now about to utter to you." I gave my promise. "Listen then," said the old man.

"I, as well as yourself, was born in Virginia; my real name is W.... My father was descended from the English aristocracy, and was not a little proud of the circumstance. During the Revolutionary War, although his feelings were certainly on the side of the British government, he maintained a neutrality sufficiently strict to enable him to preserve his estate, which was a very large one. At an early age I was sent to England, where I received my education, and remained until I was twenty-three. Soon after my return to America my father died, (my mother had expired many years before) and I was left in the uncontrolled possession of one of the largest fortunes in Virginia. Young, well-born, good-looking and rich, every noble quality was of course attributed to me, and every where my society was courted. I lived in an atmosphere of sunny smiles, amid the rich the gay and the beautiful. Among the latter there was one pre-eminent. It was no dream of love that robbed her with surpassing beauty—it was no perversion of fancy that invested her with the perfection of womanhood. If ever there were a heart untainted by a single impurity, it beat within the bosom of Emily C....., and that heart, with its boundless love, its thousand charities, its noble confidence, its unbending honor—that heart, I, *I, the miserable*, worthless, degraded object that you see, won by my seeming virtue, and broke by my glaring villainy!"

He paused, and wiped the drops of agony from his brow; at length he resumed.

"I did not mean to anticipate my tale, but I was forced onward by the tide of memory. Such a creature as I have described could not but be surrounded by admiration, and among the many who aspired to her hand, was one, whose perseverance was untiring, notwithstanding the frequent rejections which he had encountered. His name was Roberts. He was a young man of good family and fair education, with prepossessing appearance and manners, and was a general favorite with his acquaintance. His father, it was understood, had ruined himself on the turf, but the son, al-

though launched on the busy scenes of life extremely poor, had contrived to accumulate a comfortable sum of money; how, none exactly knew; some said by speculations in lands, others by the purchase of bonds, while some hinted that he was indebted to his science in horse-racing and his skill in cards, for the greatest portion of his success. For my own part I made no inquiries about the matter. I met him in good society, his deportment was gentlemanlike, and moreover, he was a delightful companion. He sung a good song, told a good story, and had no small share of original wit. I do not know whether he loved Emily, or whether his motives were mercenary (for she was wealthy) but as I before observed, though repeatedly discarded, he nevertheless continued his attentions. I, alas! was more favorably received, and in the course of time Emily became my wife.

"Though memory ever reverts to that blissful period of my existence, conjuring up the past amid the pauses of occupation by day, and peopling the dark hours of the night, when remorse has banished sleep, with the shadowy forms of the loved—the lost—there are times when I lose the consciousness of its reality. I remember, but as a dream, amid the storm-blackened waves on which I am tossed, the bright skies that once cheered, and the blessed sun that beamed upon my course. My fortune enabled me to indulge in an extensive hospitality, and the pleasures of my abode offered every inducement to society. Among the most frequent of my guests was Roberts, the former assiduous suitor of my wife. He seemed to have entirely overcome his disappointment, and indeed no one congratulated me upon my marriage with more seeming cordiality than he. Emily did not like him, for she doubted the soundness of his principles; but she tolerated him, because she saw that he was entertaining to me, and probably thought my mind and morals beyond the reach of his influence. Fatal error! and, common as fatal! There is in the mind a principle somewhat resembling the phenomenon of heat in matter, which is imparted from one substance to another, as they come in contact, until uniform temperature is established,—so, when the vicious and the virtuous are in the habit of association, the bad qualities of the former are imbibed, not producing a moral medium, it is true, but creating propensities equally criminal. I grew in a short time, in consequence of this intimacy with Roberts, very fond of the turf, and that which was at first mere delight in the exhibition of the beauty and speed of the noble animals in their fierce struggle for victory, changed into a desire of being personally interested in the event. I betted freely, and though constantly flattered by my associates, and more especially by Roberts, upon the correctness of my judgment, I very rarely won. My losses, however, were not larger than my ample income could well afford. By and bye I became an owner of horses, and as I determined to procure the best, and did so, I was obliged to pay large sums for them. From ignorance, mismanagement, and probably knavery, but few purses fell to my lot. On one occasion, there was what is termed a sweepstake, in which I had entered a colt of great promise. From previous trials I was very sure that there were but few who could match him, and the event justified my confidence. Besides the stake, which was very considerable, my private wagers amounted to

some thousands. I invited the members of the club to dine with me at the tavern kept by the proprietor of the course. Shortly after we sat down, a storm which had been gathering all day, broke forth with great violence, and continued without abatement until long after night-fall. As it soon became apparent that the tavern must be our quarters for the night, a general disposition was evinced to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, and even to exceed the bounds of sober merriment. The wine flowed freely; the song, the jest, and the merry tale gave their zest to the entertainment, and when we rose from the table we were most of us in a situation to be led into any amusement that might be suggested, how far soever beyond the bounds of prudence. Cards were introduced, and various parties formed at various games. I knew that I possessed no skill, and flushed as I was with wine, I still retained sufficient sense not to engage in a contest with those whom I felt assured must, without extraordinary fortune on my side, transfer my money to their pockets. As I sat looking on at some of the players, I was accosted by Roberts.

"What!" said he, "are you an idler as well as myself?"

"Yes," I replied, "but that is not extraordinary, for you know very well that I am not able to cope with these gentlemen. But how happens it that you, who are an experienced hand, should refuse to try the chances?"

"Why," said Roberts, "I make it a rule never to play at any game that depends on science, unless my head is perfectly cool. Now, I have swallowed rather too much of the good wine, to be able to rely upon my judgment. I should not object to try my luck at any thing that depended on the toss of a die or the turn of a card, because if fortune smiled upon me I should play the bolder for what I have drunk, and win the more, and if I lost, why the affair would be the sooner ended, and I should get to sleep the earlier."

"Well," said I, "can you find no such game?"

"I don't know," replied he, "some of the party are talking of faro; if they open a bank I will bet against it. Would you like to do so?"

"No," I replied, "I shall content myself with being a spectator."

"Pooh!" said Roberts, "you've plucked the knowing ones to day, and got your pockets full of cash; you can afford to part with some of it, even if you lose; but what should prevent you from doubling what you have?"

"But, Roberts," said I, "I do not even know how the game is played."

"It is as simple as two and two make four—here," continued he, taking up a pack of cards, "I will show you," and he went on to explain the game.

"Is this all the mystery?" inquired I, when he had got through; "I have heard it said that the odds were in favor of the banker, but I can't see how."

"Oh, so they are, generally," said Roberts, "but merely because it is the disposition of most men, when they have a run of luck, to stake with prudence, and when they are losing to exercise a corresponding degree of rashness."

"And what should make me an exception?"

"The fact that I warn you of the error, and more

than that," said Roberts, "you have the power, I have observed it frequently, of exciting yourself to boldness when it is required, and of bringing your passions under curb when it is necessary they should be still. He who possesses this self-command, although he may meet with occasional reverses, will ultimately prove successful. But I do not wish to persuade you against your inclination, and as I see that they are preparing to commence the game, I will leave you; or suppose you sit by and see how the fickle dame is disposed to treat me."

"I do not object to that," said I, carelessly, and I accompanied him to another part of the room.

"Who are the bankers?" said Roberts, as we approached the group who were busy with the preparations.

"Who?" cried one, "why, only think, Wallis here takes it all upon himself, and he is bragging that he will soon empty all our pockets."

"Indeed! I have seen a bolder bird than he cut down. But we'll play low, Wallis?"

"Oh, of course. Ten checks are my limit, and we'll put them at ten dollars each."

"And you call that low?" said I.

"Why, not so very low, to be sure," said Roberts, "but not quite so high neither as two thousand upon a three year old, eh! friend?"

I was silent; the game proceeded for an hour. I looked on, and there was but little change in the situation of the parties.

"Now," said Roberts, as the banker commenced a deal, "I think I have you."

He placed the limited sum of a hundred dollars in such a situation, as to be effected by three cards. He won—doubled—won again—again—and pressed on, until he was winner about four thousand dollars. This was the work of a few minutes. I was astonished; the dealer looked aghast.

"A glass round to my luck," cried Roberts. We drank that, and another, and another, as Roberts continued to win. My whole attention was taken up with his play; I did not observe that the other betters were generally losing. Presently, what with the wine I had drunk, and the excitement necessarily induced by the spectacle before me, I began to feel desirous to adventure, myself. I *did* adventure, at first, with success, while, on the contrary, Roberts's luck began to desert him.

"Hang it!" said he, "it seems as if every one who comes in contact with you to-day, were destined to suffer. You hammer us on the course, and you are now mauling Wallis, at cards; but confound it, man, I wish you would let somebody win besides yourself."

It is unnecessary to protract this scene; suffice it to say, the fate of all other tyros was mine of course, that after acquiring moderate gains, I began to lose, that as I lost my money, I lost my prudence, that although, to outward seeming, I was calm as a stoic, (for my pride was strong enough to effect that falsity,) within me there raged a boiling hell of passion, and as stake after stake was swept from me, I verily do believe I could have stabbed the winner to the heart. When the game ceased, I had been stripped of all my ready money, and was largely in debt. It was near morning. I threw myself into a chair and fell into what was rather stupor than sleep.



With the early dawn, I shook off my lethargy, and with a head fevered, and a heart aching from the dissipation of the night, I set out on my return home, which was but a few miles distant. Although my absence, on the previous night, had been unpremeditated and unavoidable, my conscience, as it whispered over the list of my late transgressions, numbered this as one of them. I knew I should be greeted with affectionate smiles, and felt how unworthy I was to receive them, and that was a bitter pang. Is it not a marvel that men should ever be tempted to the commission of a second moral offence, when the punishment for the first is so severe? But the head-ach of the drunkard and the repentance of the gambler are alike forgotten, when temptation again assails them.

As I rode along, a prey to remorse, I made many excellent resolutions. I determined to sell off my racing stock, content myself with viewing the sport, and never again to bet upon it. Cards I would never touch; my time should be occupied in the cultivation of my estates, and for relaxation, I would depend on literature and the conversation of my domestic circle. Finally, I resolved to communicate to my wife all that had occurred, and give her the promises I was making to myself. By the time I reached home, I had contrived, by these means, to restore, in a great measure, my self-complacency, and I almost flattered myself that I had gained a moral victory before I had even encountered the foe.

Emily met me at the door, with a thousand welcomes. "How kind it is in you," she said, "to come so early! I knew when the storm came on, that I could not see you last night, and I hardly hoped you would have been so early a riser." "But dearest," continued she, "you must have passed an uncomfortable night, your eyes are heavy, and inflamed. Are you not well?"

"Oh yes, very well," I replied, "but there was a great crowd at the tavern, and I could not sleep; a good breakfast, however, will soon restore me."

"Were you successful yesterday, Charles?"

"Quite so," said I; "my colt surpassed my expectations; I shall not take a trifle for him."

"Why, do you mean to sell him?"

"Him, and all the others. I am determined to quit the turf, Emily."

"Indeed!" exclaimed she, "how I rejoice to hear you say so, my dear Charles, and particularly as you are not induced to the resolution by loss. I feared that if you were a winner, you would have been more wedded to the sport. I have never interfered with this passion of yours, Charles, but it has always been a source of regret to me, to see you waste your intellect on pursuits, to say the least, so frivolous, and which lead you into society that I cannot but think unworthy of,—perhaps, disreputable to you."

I eagerly, rather angrily I fear, defended myself from the latter charge, and asserted, that my associates were, in general, men of station in society and respectability equal to my own, and that if there were a few whose characters were less estimable, they were merely the necessary instruments of our pleasures, and not held in the light of companions.

"I care but little for station, if it be not worthily held," replied Emily. "Whilst I would pay to those whom adventitious circumstances place above the mass of mankind, the formal respect which society demands,

I should hold education and virtue to be the fit companions of a husband whose cultivation of mind I admired, and whose natural goodness of heart I dearly loved. Now, Charles, let me ask you, are not your associates, generally, persons of dissipated habits; nay, vicious ones? for I cannot look upon gambling as less than a vice. Do you derive from them any moral benefit? are you sure that they contribute even to your amusement? I do not, for a moment, believe that you have learned to look upon play as an amusement.—Oh! God forbid it should ever come to that! I had a friend once who was married to a gambler, and Charles, I have seen the deep anguish that pressed upon her heart, and graved its lines upon her pallid brow, though her tongue never uttered a complaint. When the wretch who had trampled upon her affections had basely reduced himself to absolute want, he, as basely, deserted the family who relied on him for support, by destroying himself, and they were left, in their utter feebleness and misery, to the cold charity of the world. Poor Mary! God had mercy on thee, and gathered thee to himself," sighed Emily, as a tear stole down her cheek. "Ah, Charles, you see I have good reason to hate gaming."

"You cannot detest it more than I do, Emily," replied I; "never fear that I shall be caught in its snares."

"But Charles, men acquire habits by degrees, and learn to love that which they once loathed; and what pleasure is to be derived from associating with those whose time is spent in play, if you do not join in their occupation. They cannot converse with you; that would take off their attention from the game; and they cannot listen to you, their interest is absorbed in their desire to distress those whom they call their friends, by winning their money. But, my husband, I did not mean to read you a lecture," continued she smiling. "Ah, well do I know, for your wife's sake, for our cherub child's sake, you never will abandon yourself to the infamy of a gambler's life." And she threw herself into my arms. I pressed that form of loveliness to my bosom, and felt the beating of its confiding heart, and, coward that I was, I betrayed its confidence by withholding the communication I had decided to make. I felt humbled by her purity, and rebuked by her love, and I dared not tell her what I had done.

The day wore on, not without sad reflection on my part, but I felt self-assured that I would never so err again, and as this confidence became strong, I persuaded myself that it was unnecessary to distress my wife by any disclosures. I had only to pay off the debt I had incurred, and there was an end of the affair. That evening, much to my surprise, and very contrary to my wishes, Roberts called upon me. I had no desire to see one who had been an eye-witness of my last night's madness, and I felt a dread lest he might allude to it in Emily's presence. There was no occasion, however, for any such apprehension. He talked of various things, and in a most amusing manner, but never referred to the races, except to observe, in a slight and careless way, that I had missed no sport by having been absent that morning. It was not until my wife retired that he touched upon the subject.

"Why, in the name of common sense," he asked, "did you leave us this morning so abruptly, W . . . or rather, why did you not return?"

"Simply," replied, I "because I was guided by com-

mon sense. I had lost enough, and too much, and in a way that my feelings disapproved of, and there was no pleasure to be derived from lingering about the scene of my folly."

"I lost too," said Roberts, "but I never sit down contented with a loss. He were but a poor merchant, who would fold his arms, and abandon all enterprise, because, forsooth, he found one adventure unsuccessful."

"It is the business of the merchant," said I, "to take such chances; it is not mine to gamble, and yet I should think that merchant foolish, who should take a hazard where he clearly saw that the chances were against him."

"And how do you know," asked Roberts, "that the chances are against you?"

"Because every one lost last night but the banker," I replied.

"And he had to refund this morning all that he had won," said Roberts, "and put a good round sum to the opposite side of the account."

"Indeed!" said I, "did you play?"

"To be sure I did," was the reply, "and have got all my money back again, with a tolerably comfortable stake besides. I regretted much that you were not there. Our error, last night, is obvious enough; the wine made us imprudent, or we both could have risen from the table winners."

"Perhaps it is better that we, at least that I, did not. I might have been tempted to continue a course that I feel confident would lead to disastrous consequences."

"Well," said Roberts, "I dare say you are right; and right or wrong, it is certainly not my wish to urge you to play. I merely thought you might be desirous to recover what you had parted with, and would therefore venture a trifle more to effect such a result; but let that be. You will be on the field to-morrow, of course?"

"No," replied I, firmly.

"No!" exclaimed Roberts, with great surprise "Why, what becomes of your horse, Velox? There is nothing in the stables to match him, and a heavy purse to be won."

"I have determined to sell out my racing stock," Roberts stared at me.

"Indeed," he exclaimed at length. "What next? I am prepared now for any marvel. Possibly you are going to turn Methodist; when may we expect you to hold forth?" "Pardon me," he cried, as he saw that I was beginning to be displeased with his freedom, "but I cannot but wonder that a man of your strength of mind and liberality of disposition, should permit himself to be so worked upon by a trifling loss of money, for trifling it is, compared with your means. What will your friends say, when they hear that the wealthy Mr. W. . . . is going to withdraw himself from their society and the fashionable amusements of the day, because, in a luckless hour, he touched a card, and lost some money, which he well could spare?"

"Mr. Roberts," I hastily replied, "I have not said what my motives were, nor have you a right to impute petty ones to me. It may be, sir, that you conceive good or ill luck to be the only principle which can govern a man in such a case: I trust I can be, and am influenced by a higher feeling; a sense of right and wrong."

"Nay, nay," said he, "be not angry with me. I question not the correctness of your course, I only suggest what will be the probable remarks of others. It

is known that you were unsuccessful at faro last night; you immediately proceed to dispose of your running horses, and that too with every prospect before you of a fortunate campaign. Rumor will increase forty fold the amount you have sunk, and it will be at once supposed you were compelled to sell. For, be assured, that however pure and correct your conduct may be, mankind will never believe in the existence of a motive which would exalt, if they can, by any possibility, pitch upon one that would have a contrary tendency. However, I am done. I trust you will not ascribe what I have said to any thing but friendly feelings towards you."

Can you believe, Mr. S. that I was fool enough to be worked upon by this flimsy argument? Yes, sir, I was that fool! I did not abandon my resolution, it is true, but I postponed its execution, and it amounted to the same thing in the end. I will not tire you by detailing the various contrivances which were resorted to to induce me to play. I could not if I would, recount the various schemes of villainy by which I was stripped of my personal property, and compelled to mortgage my real estate. Usury, as well as gaming was now hurrying me on to destruction. I was fully aware of my situation. The dark clouds that hung over me were plain to my eye, the roar of the breakers was distinct to my ear, but in sullen desperation I held on my course, until the bark, freighted with reputation, fortune, earthly happiness, and future hopes, was dashed upon the flinty rocks, and the shattered fragments strewed upon the waves. Long, long before this, Emily had been conscious of the course I was pursuing; my frequent and prolonged absences from home, my moodiness when there, my altered looks, my nights unblessed by sleep, or filled with horror-burthened dreams, that spoke in deep groans of despair, told the tale in accents not to be misunderstood. Oh! what efforts did she make to reclaim me—with what kindness did she try to soothe me—with what eloquence did she plead and urge me to abandon the vice that was pregnant with destruction to us all! And how often did I promise—how often did I swear to reform, until perjury on perjury robbed her of all respect for, and confidence in me, though they could not totally extinguish the flame of undying love that burned on the pure altar of her heart. Her health gave way at last; the bloom of beauty faded from her cheek, and her form of graceful roundness was attenuated to a shadow. My little boy, too, as if he sympathised with his drooping mother, wasted away, and looked the very type of misery. What a heart had I, to inflict all this! I have sometimes thought that a demon must have possessed me, and was permitted, for some wise purpose, to work his will. I know it was a foolish thought, a miserable attempt to shuffle off, from my wounded conscience, the awful responsibility of my own uninfluenced crime. But is it not strange? I was tempted by no gratification of passion, by no smiles of success; there were no changes of fortune to retard my downward progress, and yet, unvarying loss could not teach me to despair, and the burning consciousness of the wretchedness I was heaping upon all who were most dear to me, could not prevail upon me to refrain. But let me proceed.

My ruin was at length complete; every thing was swept away. I had neither food for my family, nor a roof to shelter them. Before this, Emily had been



repeatedly urged by her relations to accept of an asylum with them, but she had refused to abandon me. She was as wretched as one could be who was free from all crime, and bowing, with un murmuring meekness, to the hand that chastised her. She had nothing but her own unequalled goodness to sustain her. I had forgotten even to be kind, and yet she would not abandon me. But the time had now come when it was necessary that she should look to her friends for the bare necessities of life; and the state of her health too required comforts and assistance not to be procured by poverty. For the present, therefore, she consented to remove, with our boy, to her father's house. I did not accompany her, for I was fully aware that my society would be tolerated there only for her sake; and sunk as I was in my self-esteem, and justly degraded in the eyes of others, my pride could not brook any manifestation of the feelings entertained towards me. From the physician who attended her, I had daily reports of my wife's health, which became more and more precarious. How could it be otherwise? Had I not destroyed her peace of mind?—had I not violated the sanctuary of her love?—had I not poisoned the source of her being? and with her wrung heart, must she not pine away, till merciful Heaven reclaimed its unequalled creation? My child too—but what claim had I to a husband's or a father's name?

One evening, as I sat in a room at a tavern, my temporary place of abode, gloomily reflecting on my situation—recurring, in agony of soul, to the happiness that I had forever cast from me, and painfully endeavoring to suggest to myself some plan by which I might retrieve, in part, my fallen fortunes, there was a knock at the door, and Roberts entered the room. He had been absent for some time, in one of the northern states, and he now approached me with seeming joy, and as if he anticipated from me an equally cordial welcome. His presence, however, was any thing but pleasing to me. I was largely indebted to him for money lost and loaned at cards; and when did debtor meet his creditor with joy at his heart? Besides, I had begun to feel, that but for my association with this man, I should never have plunged into the vortex that had overwhelmed me. He was aware of my coldness, and broke out with—"Why, W., my dear fellow, what is the matter? Is this the way you receive an old friend after a six months' absence? But you seem to be in the dumps; has any thing unusual occurred to fret you?"

"Why do you put such a question?" replied I; "do you not know that I am a ruined man—that every thing I could call my own has been torn from me—that I am a wanderer, covered with shame, heaped with obloquy, steeped in poverty? and do you expect, under such circumstances, to find my heart bounding with joy, or my face mantled with smiles? To be plain with you, Roberts, I was thinking of you just as you made your appearance, and I will tell you what was passing in my mind. Memory had gone back to the time of our first acquaintance, when I was in possession of all most valued by man: wealth, that seemed scarcely to have a limit—a reputation, unbreathed upon by reproach—the affections of one whose equal I have never met, and the unspeakable blessing of a pure conscience. All, save one, of these have fled—perhaps that too is gone; and all this is your work. Yes, sir, yours! But

for you, I should never have been tempted to play; but for you, I should have abandoned in time the vile pursuit. Yes, sir, it was *you* who urged me on, by stimulating me with false hopes that fortune would not always frown—that one lucky cast would retrieve all, and a thousand specious tales that won upon my credulous ear; and when, amid reflections such as these, you presented yourself in person, you can hardly suppose that you could have been very welcome."

"W....," replied Roberts, "I have had a long ride to-day, and feel heartily tired. It was my intention to go to bed as soon as I should reach this house. But the landlord informed me you were here, and as a friend I hastened to see you. Some would feel offended at the reception I have met with, but I can make every allowance for the feelings that irritate you, and I feel it my duty not to leave you until I have somewhat calmed your present mood. Whenever I get into trouble, and feel a disposition to give way to misfortune, the first thing I do is to sit quietly down, with a comfortable glass and a good cigar, and philosophize upon the matter; and by your leave, you shall follow my prescription. Come, come, I will take no denial; we will talk over your affairs soberly and calmly, and the odds are ten to one but we strike upon some plan which, if boldly and industriously pursued, will set all things straight again. You will not drive me from you, will you? O no, I see that you will not."

When the refreshments he had ordered had been produced, Roberts resumed. "Where is your wife, W., and how is she?" I informed him. "And you, I suppose, are a less welcome guest than she at her father's? Well, all that will come right too. By the bye, the old gentleman should not be quite so rigid about this matter of play as he is. Many a cool hundred has he won of my father; but I have observed, that your reformed sinner always makes a persecuting saint. Let that rest, and tell me, candidly, are you entirely destitute?"

"Utterly, utterly," replied I.

"Are your debts all paid?"

"You know they are not; I have not paid you."

"Pshaw!" said Roberts, "never mind me. Have you paid others?"

"They have paid themselves."

"Good! Have you formed any plan by which you expect to support yourself and family?"

"None," replied I. "But if I had, what means do I possess to put any scheme into execution?"

"Let us hit upon the scheme, and we shall find the means," said Roberts; "my purse, as well as yours, is at present at the lowest ebb. A rascal that I entrusted with a snug sum, has decamped, and left me in the lurch; and a fellow whose bond I held, has smashed, and won't pay a shilling in the pound. But I started in life with nothing, and have been so often reduced to the same condition as at first, that, as you perceive, I take the thing quite coolly. It is true, I am a single man, and there is no one depending upon me—otherwise, I might feel the matter more seriously; but I should not sit down, and mope, and scold my friends, W—: I should be but the more prompt, the more decided, and the more persevering in my actions. Let me see; you have as yet proposed nothing to yourself. What say you to turning merchant?"

"I know nothing about business," I replied, "and besides, I have neither capital nor credit."

"The law, then? Your talents and education combine to fit you for that profession."

"And what am I to live on, while I pursue the necessary study?"

"That's true; one thing then is clear—money you must have, and that at once. That being the case, there is but one way to obtain it."

"And that is—" "By winning it," replied Roberts.

I started from my chair, and walked up and down the room with violence.

"Now I pray you be calm, and listen to me attentively," continued the tempter. "You would not, I presume, object to getting back some of your losses by the same means that you made them?"

"And if I should not, how am I to know that I can? Has it not been, all along, my endeavor to do so, and has not each attempt invariably plunged me in deeper? Besides, I cannot play without a stake."

"Let me put this question to you, W—," said Roberts. "Suppose you knew that a man had defrauded you of a certain sum of money; you had no proof, however, which could establish his guilt, and enable you to recover in a court of law. Would you, if he were by accident placed in your power, hesitate to force from him what he had deprived you of—nay, would you not deem yourself justified in using artifice to place him in that situation?"

I replied that I could not tell; possibly under such circumstances I might do so.

"To be sure you would," rejoined Roberts, "and all the world would applaud the deed."

"But whither does your question lead?" asked I.

"Patience, and you shall hear," replied he. "Do you remember playing a game of brag in company with C. and F. and myself, on which occasion you and your humble servant were left minus a few thousands?"

"Certainly," said I, "I remember it but too well."

"Well," resumed Roberts, "we, poor innocent lambs, were cursing our ill-luck—luck indeed! ha, ha! there was no *luck* in the matter; we were fairly pigeoned—damnable cheated, sir!"

"How do you know, Roberts? By Heaven, if I thought so, I would make an example of them."

"Oh! sir, you could not prove it!"

"How do you know the fact, I repeat?"

"Because I have seen them playing together since, when I was not interested in the game, and could watch them coolly and closely, and I did so; and I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that there was collusion between them. Now, for the drift of my question; I say, it would be perfectly justifiable in us to pay these knaves in their own coin—to turn the tables upon them, and so get back the cash they fobbed from us, and that, I take it, would be a pretty little capital to begin the world with again."

"There is certainly nothing to object to on the score of justice," said I, "but I question if such a scheme would be deemed honorable among gentlemen."

"I cannot answer for their abstract opinions," said Roberts, "nor do I greatly care for them; but this I know, that among the whole circle of my acquaintance, which is tolerably extensive, there is not one who would hesitate about the matter."

"But what means shall we employ? If they be the rascals you have described, will they not be keen enough to detect us?"

"I defy them," said Roberts. "Leave every thing to me. To-morrow you shall be instructed; it is necessary now that I should sleep. Do you so, likewise, and be assured that your situation will soon be changed for the better. In the meantime you will need money; there are fifty dollars, half of all I have—take them; you will soon be able to repay me. Good night! and hark ye, no more despondency, but look the world boldly in the face, and smile with contempt upon fate, as I do."

Perhaps, Mr. S., you are surprised that I should so easily have assented to this vile proposal. There had been a time, sir, when I should have treated it as a personal insult; but I was not then a broken-down gambler. My principles had not been sapped by continual contact with the unworthy; the degrading and unhal- lowed desire of gain had not fastened on my soul, and corroded my sense of honor. One must have been crushed and miserable as I was, before he can be sure of his power to resist the tempter.

Our scheme was soon executed; we regained our losses from —, and something more besides, and I was once more out of the reach of absolute want. I hired a small house, where, very much against the inclination of her family, I placed Emily. One of her sisters accompanied her, for her continually declining health rendered the sympathies of a female friend absolutely necessary. I once more resolved to abandon play. The suggestion thrown out by Roberts with regard to the study of the law, although doubtless not seriously intended by him, had been frequently present to my mind. I now determined to pursue that avocation, and felt every confidence in my capacity to succeed. I compared myself with those around me who bore a reputation in the profession, and felt proudly conscious that in talent I was their equal. I told my wife of this. Her only answer was a deep sigh, that seemed to shake her slender frame, and these words: "I hope it may be so, Charles; for your sake, I hope it may be so." I felt nettled at the doubt implied, but I replied not. I had deceived her too often to dare to remonstrate. My studies were commenced, but I had little calculated on the difficulties of my task. It had been a long time since I had taken a book into my hand, and I found it almost impossible to chain down my attention to the subject before me. My eyes would be fixed on the page, but my mind would wander far, far away from it. Sentence after sentence was perused and reperused, but no distinct meaning was conveyed to my understanding. I would sit for hours in one fixed attitude, lost in total abstraction, and when recalled to myself by some accidental circumstance, the visions which had been floating in my mind were as scattered and unintelligible as the wildest fancies of a foolish dream. It was impossible to study.

One morning, after repeated and unavailing attempts to overcome this state of mind, I threw down my book in despair, and went forth into the open air, to try if exercise would not bring relief. It was a lovely day in spring, the trees had just shot out their tender leaves, the birds were pealing forth their joyous notes, a thousand insects were dancing in the balmy air. It was a



day on which a heart at ease might feel most happy; but to me the blessed sun no longer shone with brightness, and my bosom was cold to those charms of nature which had once made it thrill with gladness. I wandered on, knowing and caring little where I bent my steps, when, at a sudden turn of the road, I encountered Roberts.

"Well met!" said he. "I was on my way to see you. I have good news for you."

"Indeed," replied I, sadly, "let me have them, then, for there is no one to whom they could be more welcome."

"Another chance, Wallis, to get back some of your cash, and if I mistake not, a pretty good lump of it too. I am to give a dinner to-day, a bet I lost—lost *purposefully*, my boy, and you must come; we will try conclusions with the gentlemen again, and with rather better chances of success than we formerly had. Turn back and get your horse, and as we ride along I'll tell you all about it."

"I must decline your invitation," replied I.

"That you shall not!" said Roberts.

"It is useless for me to go, Roberts, for I will not play. I am convinced that I cannot win by fair means, and I will not resort to any other."

"You can do as you please about that, but I must have you with me; it will be of service to you; it will cheer you up, and show your friends that you are not the man to give way to misfortune. Believe me, the world respects every one who shows it a bold front. Indeed you must not refuse me; I shall feel hurt if you do."

I went. Is it necessary to say that night was spent in play, and with the aid of my *honest* partner, I did not lose. The ice was now fairly broke. I could no longer refuse to join Roberts in his schemes of plunder. I was in his power, and felt that he could blast me by a single word. But some suspicions began to be entertained; my success was too uniform for one who had formerly lost so constantly, and it was therefore concerted between Roberts and myself, that I should occasionally seem to lose to him, making a subsequent settlement with him in private.

There was a young man, son of the Sheriff of the County of —, who acted as deputy to his father, a very worthy and respectable man, who had served with great credit in the continental army, and brought up and maintained, by his industry, a numerous family. He himself paid no attention to the affairs of his office, but confided them entirely to the activity and integrity of his son, who had won general respect and popularity by the zeal and fidelity with which he discharged his duties, and the gentleness and mercy he exhibited, when called on to put in force the harsh decrees of the law. I had but little acquaintance with either the young man or his father, nor, in all probability, would the latter have been much pleased to have his son in habits of intercourse with me. I had attended a session of the court on some business, and was detained too late to admit of my reaching home that day. Several others were in the same situation—among them, Roberts. After supper he took me aside, and asked me if I recollected Wallis.

"No," I replied, "I remember no such person."

"You have a bad memory, then," said he; "I never forget those who win my money," and he recalled to

my mind the individual who had held the faro bank at the races.

"What of him?" I inquired. "Does he think to take me in again?"

"O, no," replied Roberts, with a laugh, "we have learned rather too much for that. But I have been talking with him; he will open a bank to-night, and he agrees that you and I shall be equally interested. It shall be my business to get him betters; and as there are several here whose pocket-books are well filled, I think we shall make a handsome adventure of it. For the sake of appearances, you know, we too must bet against him, and he will permit us to win largely, for the purpose of enticing others. Is it not capitally contrived?"

"But may not this Wallis betray us hereafter?"

"Not the slightest danger of it; he is as close as wax. I know him of old; and besides, he is under obligations to me that he cannot violate if he would."

"Roberts," said I, "do you feel no remorse? Does not conscience upbraid you with the meanness, the guilt of your course? Have you no misgivings, when you behold the agony of those you defraud?"

"Have *you* such feelings?" said Roberts.

"I have!" replied I. "They torture me by night and by day. The hell that burned within me when, like a madman, I scattered my wealth to the winds, was ease, was happiness, to what I now endure, and if the hour of detection should ever come,—but that—I could not and I would not survive!" I clasped my hands together, and shook with fear at the very thought.

Roberts gazed at me some little time in silence, and his countenance assumed a bitter sneer. At length he broke forth.

"Conscience! Remorse! ha! ha! Because I have lived too long to be a dupe? Most men, in the greenness of youth, are fools, and ripen, with age and experience, into knaves. There are some, however, who are early wise, and they, if circumstances permit, become great and distinguished; and some, who are always silly, and these are reckoned virtuous, and become the footballs of the others. For my part I was not made to be kicked. I have found out that I must be the wolf or the lamb; I prefer to be the beast of power. There is not one of those men that you see there, who would not, if they could, strip us to the last farthing. I play their own game, and place them where they would place me. And for this, forsooth, I must feel remorse! I find the whole system of society based upon a cheat; every one endeavors to overreach his neighbor, and the most successful is the most respected. Shall I not strive among the rest? You have been defrauded of a princely fortune and reduced to absolute want. I have let you into the secret of your misfortunes, and taught you how to retaliate your wrongs on others, and you prate to me of conscience and remorse. Well then, if conscience be to you this dreadful torment, in the name of common sense obey its dictates. Be wholly one thing or another. Go to those with whom you have played of late, and hand them back their money. Tell them they were cheated; that you see through the evil of your ways, and come to make restitution; once more throw yourself back on poverty, and see how highly the world will applaud the act! They say there is exceeding joy over a repentant sin-

ner in heaven. Do you try how much there is on earth. But I am losing time. Am I to understand that you decline sharing with Wallis and myself?"

"No," I replied, "it is my fate; I have gone too far to recede, and I must endure, as I can, the loss of self-respect."

We parted, mixing in with the general crowd. It was not long before Roberts had collected various persons around him, who seemed to be listening with great attention to something he was narrating, which, to judge from their frequent peals of laughter, was highly humorous. No one knew better than he how to afford entertainment to others. His manner was admirable; his very laugh was a provocative to mirth. Without being boisterous, it was the most joyous, careless, light-hearted burst of gaiety that I ever listened to. Of those who were most attracted by him, was the young man I have before mentioned, the son of the old sheriff. He seemed to be in an ecstasy of delight, and Roberts fooled him "to the top of his bent." They drank together, they sang together, and committed various extravagances; Roberts declaring that he was just in the humor for a frolic, and a frolic he would have. Presently cards were introduced, I know not at whose suggestion, and I was told by some one that a faro bank was about to be opened, and I received the information as if it were new to me. We soon afterwards adjourned to another room, and the game was commenced. At first I did not bet, or rather appeared not to do so, but stood looking on at the others, and marking the vicissitudes of the game. To my surprise and regret I saw the sheriff's son at the table, for I had always heard him spoken of as a moral and prudent youth, and, moreover, I had not supposed he possessed the means to play. I observed, however, that although evidently flushed with what he had been drinking, he staked with caution, and would not, in all probability, win or lose any thing of consequence, and I thought nothing more of the matter. About midnight, after going through the mockery of apparently winning some hundreds, I threw myself upon a couch and slept. It was daybreak when I awoke, but the lights were still burning, and the gamblers, undiminished in number, as eager as ever in their play. Roberts was among them, and I, being desirous of returning home, took him aside to acquaint him with my intention. He objected to my doing so, stating that he was excessively fatigued, and must sleep a few hours himself; that he had forbidden to awake me, and I must now take my turn to watch, for it was better that one of us should observe how things were going on; that so far, owing to the most singular run of luck on the part of one individual that he had ever witnessed, the bank was loser. I inquired how his young companion had fared. He had lost rather heavily. "But surely," said I, "he cannot afford to do so." He replied very carelessly, "that's his own affair. I did not urge him to play. The truth is, he received yesterday a considerable sum of money in payment of an execution, and very possibly he may be using the funds. I suppose he knows that he can make it all good. But go you now and sit down, and wake me in a couple of hours, that will be sufficient repose for me."

I was fain to comply with his request. Before the two hours had elapsed, however, a messenger arrived

with the intelligence that my wife had been taken alarmingly ill. Rousing Roberts, I immediately departed and pushed forward with all possible speed; but the distance was considerable and the road execrable, and several hours were consumed before I reached home. All was quiet. Leaping from my horse I rushed towards the house; a feeling of faintness came over me, and I was obliged to pause and lean against the door-post for support. Rousing my energies I proceeded to my wife's chamber, and knocked gently for admittance. A faint voice desired me to enter. I did so, and was met by Emily's sister, who was weeping bitterly. Not a word was spoken—she pointed to the bed and left me. I softly approached and with a trembling hand I drew aside the curtain.

Did she sleep? The eyes were closed, the face serene and almost smiling. I took her hand—it was cold and clammy to the touch. I gently pressed her bosom. Was it a throb that I felt? No—that heart had ceased to beat, had ceased to feel. Life with all its bitterness had fled. The enfranchised spirit had soared to its native home. I gazed in silence. I did not weep, I did not groan. There was a benumbing, icy thrall that bound up every faculty; it was pain, it was agony, but it left no power to express that pain.

I heard a feeble sob: Whence did it proceed? I had thought I was alone. I moved in the direction of the sound. Stretched upon the floor, his face buried in his little hands, lay my boy. I knelt beside him; I raised and strained him to my breast. "Oh, let me go," said he, "mother is gone; I want to go to mother. She said she would ask her God to keep a place for me, and God is good, I know, and he will do it. Father, lay me down there with mother."

Mr. W.... here bent his head and wept like a child. It is fearful to see an old man weep. Presently he resumed.

I left the chamber of death, and retired to the room I had used as a study. What was passing in my mind I am utterly unconscious of. The past, the present and the future, were mingled in one common chaos. I was lost in a reverie that seemed protracted beyond the years of man. Of the mass of confused and unintelligible ideas that were swarming in my brain, one at length stood out clear and distinct, and gathered strength as I brooded over it. It was self-destruction. It rose upon me, a cheering light, shedding gladness over my dark and desperate fortunes. The intolerable weight which had pressed upon my mind was at once uplifted, the pent-up agony which had racked my heart passed off, and visions of peace, of a deep, enduring calm, floated before me, unmixed with a doubt or dread of the untried future. There was a loaded pistol lying on the table; in an instant it was in my grasp, but heaven in its mercy saved me from that crime—a sudden icy pang transfixed me; utterly enfeebled I sank to the floor, my senses fled, and I was as one who is numbered with the dead, or who had never breathed among the living.

When reason was again restored to me, I found myself stretched upon a bed. I recognized the apartment in which I lay; it had been my wife's. I tried to move, but had not the strength to do so. I heard a step in the room and essayed to speak; my voice was scarce a whisper; the light in the chamber was dim, but my



eyes could not endure it. I again closed them and sank into sleep.

When I awoke, a physician and a nurse were standing at the bed side. I would have spoken, but they bade me be quiet; and I was even as a child, and submitted. For many weeks had disease preyed upon me, and existence been suspended by a single thread which would not break. Slowly I recovered, my strength was restored to me, but never, from that day to the present moment, has this withered heart known peace.

I have but little more to say. From my medical attendant I learned that the young man who had been fleeced at the tavern, stung by remorse, and unable to make good the money he had lost, had swallowed a deadly draught. His aged father, stripped of his little all to pay the debt, broken-hearted by the villainy in which I had participated, was thrown with his helpless family upon the reluctant bounty of society. Wallis and Roberts had fled, it was supposed, to the South. My son had been taken home by his grandfather. I have never seen him since I pressed him to my bosom in his mother's death chamber. He was and is dear to me as the hope of heaven to the martyr's heart, but his eye shall never look upon the degraded being who gave him life.

While listening to the recital of the physician, amid pangs that gnawed my soul, I formed the resolution of quitting my country, never again to return, and in some foreign land, in an humble occupation, with rigid economy and ceaseless industry, to build up another fortune; not for the luxuries it might purchase, or the comforts it might afford me in age, but that I might, as far as *money* could avail, repair the mischief which I had assisted in perpetrating, and the injustice I had been guilty of towards my child.

I watched the sun as he threw his slant rays on the fields and the forests, familiar to me as the face of a friend, and when he sank beneath the horizon, commenced the preparations for my departure. I had some money; retaining as much as was absolutely necessary for my expenses, and no more, I enclosed the remainder to my physician, with a request that he would, after remunerating himself, pay the rest to the poor old sheriff. I also despatched a note to my father-in-law, stating my intention to leave the country, and imploring him, for the mother's sake, to bestow every care and attention on her child, and to call him by her maiden name. This done, in the dead of the night I set out on my journey, and took the direction of the sea port of ——. Thence, under an assumed name, I embarked for this island, and here I have since remained, steadily pursuing the course I had laid down for myself. My labors have been crowned with success beyond my hopes, and I am now the possessor of much greater wealth than I inherited. When I was in England, a mere youth, an opportunity occurred of rendering an important service to an acquaintance, at that time very needy, but who has since become a partner in one of the most extensive banking houses in London. Instead of burying my money in the ground, as the wiseacres here have surmised, I have regularly remitted my gains to him, and by his judicious management of them in the British funds, they have reached their present amount. Through him too, I have re-

ceived intelligence of my son, on whose education no expense has been spared. He has applied himself to the profession of the law, and is considered as fast rising to eminence. I could long ago have rendered him independent of labor, but I deemed it best that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. That portion of man's doom is *not* a curse.

And now, Mr. S., it simply remains for me to acquaint you with the service which I wish you to render me. You will ascertain as soon as may be after your arrival in Virginia, what descendants there are of — the former sheriff of —, their situation in life and character; not that I mean to withhold from them what is justly their due, be they ever so vile; for may they not, if vicious, trace their very crimes to my unprincipled conduct? but that by being correctly informed of their pursuits and habits, I may be enabled to judge in what manner and to what extent, I can best act to their advantage. You will also seek the acquaintance of my son, and if you can become his friend. Write to me, and tell me candidly what he is; but until I sleep in death do not speak to him of me. You will not be condemned to a long silence, for I feel that my days are numbered. All necessary documents will be placed in your hands before your departure hence. You are my executor. Farewell.

## LIFE'S STREAM.

BY LUCY T. JOHNSON.

Life's stream sweeps through many a vale  
Of varied hues and smiles and tears—  
And bowers that joy the breezy gale,  
And desert wastes where grief appears.  
It sweeps—aye swiftly to the sea,  
Even as the gush of waters flowing;  
A wave—a rush how merrily!  
And then a chasm darkly showing.

Its source is in the little nook  
Beside that far-off mountain,  
Where young buds o'er its bosom look,  
And violets kiss the fountain.  
How pure it gurgling starts—and beaming  
Bright in the first spring-morning's sun,  
Heaven's own loved miniature seeming—  
O thus is life begun!

And then it seeks another scene—  
One gemmed with many flowers,  
Where May-dews linger yet between  
And in the leafy bowers:  
And still it thrills most joyously,  
Rippling o'er rock and glen—then sleeping  
Beside the mead or on the lea;  
But O, its dregs are creeping.

And still it meets another land;  
But all its early flowers have faded,  
Save here and there upon its strand,  
One lingers by the storm abraded.  
And now its lengthened depths are clouded  
With misty volumes floating;  
And in a wild of brambles shrouded,  
O doth it cease its sporting.

Yet one more vale it finds—the last  
 On life's meandering shore—  
 Its yellow leaf twirls on the blast,  
 Its blossoms breathe no more:  
 And o'er its sullen, beamless tide,  
 Its bubbles all are breaking—  
 'Tis done—it meets the ocean wide,  
 Each balmy scene forsaking.

'Tis done—the ocean's boundless waste  
 Rolls up its misty gleaming;  
 And on that desert shore is cast  
 The sea-wave darkly streaming.  
 But shall it be thus lost? No never—  
 A brighter impulse shall be given,  
 E'en from its ocean sleep—to sever  
 Its scintillings to Heaven.  
*Elfin Moor, Va. 1836.*

### AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Students of William and Mary, at the  
 Opening of the College, on Monday, October 10th, 1836.

BY THOMAS R. DEW,

President and Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy.\*

*Gentlemen:*—In obedience to the customs of our institution, I proceed to address you on the present occasion; and I do it, I assure you, with feelings of no ordinary character. When I reflect upon the antiquity and reputation of this venerable institution,—upon the numerous alumni who have been sent forth from its halls, so many of whom have graced the walks of private life, or risen into the high places of our government, and shed around them the benign influence of their talents and statesmanship,—when I reflect upon the long line of efficient and distinguished men who have preceded me in this office, and upon the character and virtues of him who was my predecessor, I cannot but feel a weight of responsibility which excites in me a deep and painful solicitude. For eight years it was my pleasure to be associated with him whose place I have been called to fill. His learning, his piety, his conscientiousness in the discharge of his duties, however onerous, will long be remembered by all who knew him well; and the regret manifested in the countenances of the citizens of our town when he bade them an affectionate farewell, marks conclusively the deep impression which his virtues and usefulness had made upon their hearts, and the loss which our society has sustained by the departure from among us of one, who, with his amiable family, constituted so interesting a portion of our social circle. Again, then, let me say, I enter upon the duties of my station with deep and painful solicitude, sustained alone by the consciousness, that I shall yield to none who have gone before me in this office, in zeal, fidelity, and love for our venerated Alma Mater.

\*Repeated calls from the friends of William and Mary, as well as our own high estimation of this Address, have induced us to publish it. It will be understood, of course, that the M.S. originally, was solicited of Professor Dew for publication, by a Committee on the part of the Students. We omit the correspondence as of no general interest.

I shall not, on the present occasion, endeavor to present to your view an exposition of the general advantages resulting from education; the limits which I have prescribed to myself in this address, together with the necessity of introducing other topics, will, of course, prevent me from such an effort. Nor is it necessary;—your presence in this hall—your determination to subscribe to our laws, and to obey the requisitions of our statutes, prove that you have already comprehended the inestimable benefits of education, and have come up here to pursue your collegiate career.

As it is probable there may be students in every department of our college, and each one may be anxious to know something of our entire system previous to the selection which he may make of the courses of study for his attendance, I will, in the first place, give you some information as to our general plan. Our plan embraces a course of general study, which may be pursued to great advantage by all having the time and means, no matter what may be their professions in after life. Besides this course of general study, it embraces the subject of law, and aims at accomplishing the student in one of the learned professions.

Let me then commence with the subject of the classics. In this school we have a preparatory department, in which the student may acquire that elementary instruction requisite for the successful study of the higher classics. As but few of you, however, will, in all probability, wish to enter this school, I shall confine the remarks which I have to make on this subject to the higher classical studies. In one department of this higher school, the attention of the student will be confined to the following authors: Horace, Cicero de Oratore, Terence, Juvenal, Livy and Tacitus, in Latin—and to Xenophon's Anabasis, Æschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, Sophocles, Thucydides, and Homer in Greek.

He will be required to read them with facility—to construe them—to explain their meaning—to master portions of history which may be referred to, and to acquire a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the whole philosophy of the Latin and Greek Grammars. In this school it is expected that the classic student shall complete his knowledge of the ancient languages. I would therefore recommend it to all who may have the time and inclination to pursue such studies, or whose profession in after life may demand deep classical learning.

The knowledge of the ancient languages is far more important to us than that of any other, save our own. At the time that the barbarians from the north and east broke up the Roman Empire, and engrafted the feudal system on its fragments, whence the nations of modern Europe have arisen, the Latin and Greek languages were the two great languages of the civilized portion of the ancient world. It is necessary to study them in order that we may be enabled to understand their transition into the modern languages; the latter are derivations from the former. It has been well observed that there is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic to the plains of Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning, and this remark applies particularly to the literature of England. But again, in order that you may understand well the classical authors put into your hands, it is necessary that you should become acquainted with the manners, customs,



institutions and religion of the ancient world. Great and mighty changes have taken place in the condition of man since the fall of the vast fabric of the Roman Empire. The whole interior economy of nations has been changed. The complex system of polytheism, with its thousand of forms, and ceremonies, and sacred mysteries, has all been overthrown, and the beautiful and simple religion of the meek and humble Saviour of the world traced, as with the pencil of light, upon the sacred page, and revealed even unto babes, has been established in its stead. This great and salutary change alone, has stamped a new character upon the age in which we live. How vast the difference between a Priest of Jupiter and a Minister of the Gospel! How great the difference between the Eleusinian mysteries of the Polytheist, and the communion service of the Christian! In order then that you may be enabled to read the classic authors to advantage, and apply with skill the lessons which you may draw from the page of ancient history, it is necessary that you should study the laws, customs, institutions, religion, and polity of Greece and Rome. For this reason, there has been recently attached to our classical department, a school of Roman and Grecian Antiquities, and Heathen Mythology, in which you will be enabled to derive full and complete information on all these topics.

The degree in the classical department has been placed upon a high footing. It is necessary that the candidate for this honor should not only be a proficient in the studies just mentioned, but that he should obtain a certificate of qualification on the junior, mathematical, rhetorical, and historical courses. With this additional information, our classic graduate goes into the world not a mere *Latin and Greek scholar*, but an elegant classic. This course of study has been devised principally for the benefit of that large and respectable class of students who propose to follow the profession of teaching. To all students of this description, I would recommend the attainment of this degree—a degree which will at once give its owner a high standing in our community, and be a most ample certificate of his merits and qualifications.

Besides the degree in the classical school, there are three others of a high order given in our institution; these are the degrees of A. B., B. L., and A. M. With regard to the first, you will find in our laws a detail of the courses of study necessary to its attainment. These courses you will find full and well selected, bearing an advantageous comparison with similar courses in any other college of our Union. They embrace the four great departments of mathematics, physics, morals and politics. These studies I would recommend to all who may have the time and the means to pursue them, no matter what profession they may follow in after life. Independently of the pleasure which each of them imparts to the mind of the zealous student, there is a utility arising from them far beyond the conception of ordinary minds—a utility which springs both from the enlargement of the understanding by the salutary exercise which they afford to it, and from the light which they respectively cast on each other. One of the most beautiful and interesting facts in relation to literature, is, that all its departments are connected and associated with each other; the study of one perfects the mind in the comprehension of another. The acquisition of a new idea sometimes

revolutionizes the little republic of the mind, and gives a new cast to all our thoughts. Hence the division of labor in science is not productive of the same advantage as in physics, but we should always extend the range of our studies in proportion to the enlargement of mind and the facilities for acquiring information, no matter what may be our profession or occupation hereafter.

If the time or means of the student, however, should constrain him to limit his course of studies whilst here, then it would be certainly proper that he should make a selection of those subjects which may have the closest and most intimate connection with the profession which he may follow, or the station in life which he may expect to fill. His own judgment will readily inform him of the selection which should be made, taking care always, according to the requisition of our statutes, to enter a sufficient number of classes to afford him full occupation. Every young man should task himself fully, lest want of employment, while here, should induce idle habits. For the peculiar advantages of each course of studies, I must refer you to the introductory lectures of the Professors, all of which will be open to your attendance, and will give you much more complete information on each department than I could possibly impart, even if not confined within the limits of an opening address.

The degree in law is of a professional character, and consequently we can generally expect that those alone will aim at its attainment who propose to follow the profession of the law. This profession, in all countries, but particularly in our own, is one of elevated standing, of superior learning, and, I may add, of great moral and political power. The habits of his profession ensure the lawyer, in every country, an honorable station among statesmen, and the foremost rank in deliberative councils. Law, said Dr. Johnson, is the science in which the greatest powers of the understanding are applied to the greatest number of facts. The common law of England, with the great modifications which it has undergone in our own country from the operations of our government and republican institutions, will form the principal text to which your attention will be directed in this department. "This law," it has well been said, "is not the product of the wisdom of some one man, or society of men, in any one age; but of the wisdom, counsel, experience and observation of many ages of wise and observing men." It is, emphatically, "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years." And you, gentlemen, who propose to accomplish its study, must devote yourselves to it with unremitting ardor. You must not study the mere statutes and prescriptions of the law alone, but you must examine, with the eye of philosophy, the whole foundation on which the great superstructure is raised. It is necessary that you should examine the principles of the science of government; that you should look into the wants of our nature; examine the beautiful structure of the human mind, with all our feelings, principles, propensities and instincts. In fine, you must, in the language of one who has risen to the highest eminence in his profession, "Drink in the lessons and spirit of philosophy. Not that philosophy described by Milton, as

A perpetual feast of nectared sweets  
Where no crude surfeit reigns;

but that philosophy which is conversant with men's

business and interests, with the policy and welfare of nations; that philosophy which dwells not in vain imaginations and platonic dreams, but which stoops to life, and enlarges the boundaries of human happiness; that philosophy which sits by us in the closet, cheers us by the fireside, walks with us in the fields and highways, kneels with us at the altars, and lights up the enduring flame of patriotism."

Deep and extensive knowledge is, above all things, requisite for the success of him who aspires to an elevated stand in this honorable profession. Well, then, have the officers of our institution ordained that the degree in this department shall not be conferred for a mere knowledge of laws. The candidate for this honor must have studied, beside the municipal law, the subject of government and national law, together with some exposition of our own system of government, all of which subjects are taught by the Law Professor. He must, moreover, have obtained the Baccalaureate honor in this, or some other institution, or if not, must have attended a full course of lectures in some one of the scientific departments of this institution. With the collateral information thus obtained, the graduate in law will go forth, not a mere lawyer, equipped only with the forms and technicalities of his profession, but with a mind deeply imbued by the principles of science and the spirit of philosophy. With a mind thus furnished, every hour of study in his profession becomes efficient, and moves him forward with ease and rapidity in his career, enabling him to encounter all the difficulties and obstacles which beset him on his way.\* For a full exposition of the courses of study in the law department, I must refer you to the introductory lecture of the Professor, which will impart all the information which you may desire on this subject.

Before speaking of our Master's degree, I will say a few words on the school of civil engineering, lately established by the visitors in this institution. The United States of North America present at this moment one of the most sublime spectacles which has ever been offered to the eye of the philanthropist—the spectacle of a people few in numbers at first—rapidly increasing and spreading over one of the fairest quarters of the world; building up institutions, the admiration of the age in which we live; and rearing up, by the mere development of internal resources, a fabric of greatness and empire, unparalleled in the annals of history. The original heterogeneous interests of the different portions of our Union, are made to harmonize more and more, from day to day, by the magic influence of internal improvement. The canal and the rail road, the steam boat and steam car, constitute in fact the great and characteristic powers of the age in which we live. Throughout our extensive territory, covering so many degrees of latitude and longitude, embracing every climate and yielding every production, nature calls on art to aid her. Although we have already executed works of improvement within the limits of our system of republics, which

\* One of the great advantages of establishing a Law School in a college is, that the student, whilst pursuing his professional studies, is enabled at the same time to give a portion of his attention to other subjects of a kindred character, and thus ultimately to enter his profession with the great and inestimable advantage of a proper elementary education, which must ever give him a decided superiority to him who is educated in the law alone.

rival in splendor and grandeur the boasted monuments of Egypt, Rome or China, and far surpass them in usefulness and profit, yet the work is still in a state of incipency—a boundless field is opening to the enterprise of individuals and states. In the peculiar phraseology of a favorite science, there at this moment exists a vast demand for internal improvements. From one side to the other of our immense territory, turnpikes, rail roads and canals are constructing every where; the engineer is abroad in the land, almost annihilating by his skill, time and space. Yet his labors are not commensurate with the demand. There is, at this time, scarcely any profession in our country which rewards its successful follower more highly and certainly than that of civil engineering. The visitors of our institution have therefore very wisely attached a school of this description to our college, placing it under the direction of an individual who combines, most happily, profound scientific knowledge with great practical skill—an individual who for years zealously and successfully pursued the business of engineering in another country, until called off by other employments. I would therefore warmly recommend this school to all who are anxious to follow this profession, as soon as their attainments will enable them to join it with advantage.

In the supplemental laws, published since the last session of our board of visitors, you will find a detail of the studies requisite for the attainment of the degree of A. M. This is the highest honor in our institution which can be won by the student during his collegiate career. It will require generally two years additional study after obtaining the Bachelor's degree; few of you, consequently, can be expected to aim at its attainment. Those however who shall have an opportunity, will find themselves amply rewarded by the advantages which may be derived from it. In this course, all the studies which are pursued in the first portion of your collegiate career, are extended and amplified. In the first portion of your studies, you master the great principles of science; in the latter, you enter more fully into your subjects, and begin the great work of applying your principles to facts. He who shall have the good fortune to obtain this degree, will have amassed a fund of knowledge which will enable him to grace and ornament any of the walks of life into which he may choose to enter. His mind will have been trained in the most important of all arts—that of acquiring knowledge and generalizing facts. He will almost necessarily have attained the great desideratum of literary men—love of study and the power of discrimination. So that in his case there will be afterwards no waste of labor and time, no useless expenditure of frivolous and unprofitable thought. To a mind thus trained, all nature furnishes lessons of instruction and philosophy, from her least to her greatest operations—from the falling of an apple, to the complex movements of worlds innumerable, all is harmony, concord and wisdom. Such a mind can draw the lesson of philosophy alike from the prattle of the innocent babe, or the deeply studied conversation of a Bacon or a Newton.

I have thus, gentlemen, endeavored briefly to present an exposé of the several departments of study in our college.\* I have given you the bill of fare, and we hope

\* I have dwelt in this address very little on the subjects requi-



that you may make your selections with judgment, and afterwards prosecute your studies with energy and perseverance. By the late arrangement of the visitors in regard to the Master's degree, our scientific courses are as extensive as at any other institution in this country, and one of them, the moral and political, is believed to be more extensive than in any other institution known to us. And this will lead me to say a few words on the policy of our board of visitors in establishing so extensive a course.

Many persons are under the impression that moral and political studies need not be prosecuted at college—that the physical and mathematical sciences are the most important subjects, and should be studied to their exclusion. This opinion seems to be based upon the popular notion that moral and political subjects may be comprehended without the assistance of a teacher, and may consequently be prosecuted to most advantage when the student has finished his collegiate career and entered upon the great theatre of life. This impression is certainly erroneous and highly pernicious; and in justification of the system which we have adopted in our own college I must employ a few moments in attempting to explain its thorough fallacy. In the first place then, I have no hesitation in affirming that moral and political studies are the most important of all. These subjects are of universal application; they concern every member of the human family. We cannot escape their influence or connection, no matter what may be our destiny through life. The great *high-ways*, and the little *by-ways*, of our existence, if I may be allowed the expression, alike pass through the regions of morals and politics. From the village gossip who tells the tale of her neighbor's equivocal conduct, and significantly hints that it was no better than it ought to be, to him who watches the movements of empires and penetrates the secret designs of statesmen, all are concerned in these universally applicable subjects. It is a matter of very little practical consequence to us what may be the opinions of our neighbor in mathematics or physics—whether he believes two sides of a triangle may be less than the third, or that the earth is the centre of our system, and that the sun, moon and stars revolve around it. We may laugh at him once or twice during the year for his ignorance, but his opinions wound none of our sensibilities and run counter to none of our interests. But the moment our opinions clash upon the subjects of morals and politics, that moment the case is altered. The opinions of my neighbor are no longer indifferent to me. If he has notions of morality under which he is constantly condemning my course of life, or a system of politics entirely at war with mine, then does the collision become indeed a serious one. It was a matter of very little moment to Castile that King Alphonso should believe the solar system miserably defective in its arrangements, and that he could suggest some most important improvements in it. But the case was seriously altered when he believed that he was responsible to God alone, and not to his subjects, in the administration of his government, and that his wisdom was sufficient to make and unmake the laws of his country. The fact is, morals, politics and religion are the great concerns of human nature. They

spring from relations of universal existence throughout the human family—relations from whose influence none of us can possibly escape.

But it is said that even if these subjects be of such universal application, they may easily be acquired in after life when we have appeared as actors upon the great stage of the world. Then it is affirmed we may begin the study of morals and politics to most advantage, when theory and experiment may go hand in hand—when we may correct the visions of an overwrought imagination by the plain and palpable realities that exist around us. This opinion is certainly erroneous. The period of youth is the proper time to commence these studies. You have come up here, gentlemen, with minds and feelings not yet hackneyed in the beaten walks of a business life. You are now enlisted in no mere party warfare. Your hopes have not yet been damped by disappointment, nor your energies been deadened by adversity. All your affections and sympathies are warm and generous. Your hearts and heads have not been besieged by cold, inveterate selfishness, or perverted by unreasonable and noxious prejudices. You have as yet set up no false idols in the temple of the mind. *Addicti jurare in verba nullius magistri*. You stand committed to the cause of truth and justice alone. Under such circumstances you are in the best possible condition for the reception of pure and virtuous principles. Now is the time to imbibe the great lessons of morality and to study the general and elementary doctrines of government and politics. A little time hence you will have entered upon the bustling, busy theatre of the world. Your private interests and party prejudices will then rise up at every step to cloud your minds and pervert your judgments. Your moral and political researches will no longer be conducted with a single eye to truth and justice, but the demon of party will too probably exert an irresistible control over the little republics of the mind and heart.

There are no sciences which require the same full, free, and generous exercise of the feelings of the heart, as morals and politics. In the fixed sciences, it is a matter of very little concern to us what the character of the fact may be; all we aim at is mere truth. We do not care whether a triangle should have two, three, four, or five right angles; all we are in search of, is the mere fact, the real truth. Whilst we are conducting the inquiry, all the passions and active feelings of our nature are laid to rest, and the intellect is left alone and unbiassed to move directly to its results. But when we have reached the region of morals and politics, then do we find that all the passions, propensities and principles of our nature are brought into full play. The whole human being, as he has been made by our Creator, becomes then the important subject of our researches, and we can never arrive at just conclusions without a due consideration of all the forces which are in action. And this is one reason why these are really the most difficult of all sciences.

Hence, gentlemen, the wisest and greatest statesmen have been generally found among those who have directed their minds at an early period of their lives to morals and politics. Such men become deeply imbued with the great principles of those sciences in their youth. They are early taught to worship at the shrine of truth, while the ardent feeling of devoted patriotism banishes

site for the degree of A. B. because of their well known character and importance.

from the mind all narrow considerations of selfishness and shields it against the intolerable prejudices of party spirit. A mind thus early and correctly impressed with the great elementary principles of morals and politics, will ever be well balanced and considerate in its conclusions, and rarely surprised into hasty and rash decisions. In looking to the speeches which emanate from our deliberative bodies, I have often been struck with the exemplification which they afford of the truth of this remark.

There is nothing in which our speakers are more defective than in comprehension of view. They seem too often to seize but one single point of a subject; and although they may move with a giant's strength in that direction, yet the mind remains unsatisfied. One of the principal causes of this defect, is the want of a proper moral and political education in early life. They have not received elementary instruction sufficient to give the proper impulse to the mind. They are capable of taking but one view of a subject, and that is dictated by local and partial interests, or by too intense a consideration of but one set of circumstances. Such politicians, however brilliant they may be in mere detail, are incapable of taking the length, breadth and depth of a great subject; they lack scope and comprehension of idea, and cannot dive down to the bottom—where truth is always found. Such men may be efficient instruments when directed by the genius and the skill of the great politician, but are totally incapable of taking the lead in difficult times, because incapable of forming the conception of great plans and the means by which they are to be executed.\*

Of all the states in the Union, I may perhaps affirm without fear of contradiction, that Virginia has produced the greatest number of able and profound statesmen and of eloquent and efficient debaters. And to this fact, no doubt, has been owing principally that preponderating influence which she has so happily exerted in by-gone times upon the destiny of our confederacy. One great reason of the superiority of our orators and statesmen, is the fact that the mind of the Virginia youth has always been easily directed to the study of politics and morals. Our whole state hitherto has been one great political nursery, and I hesitate not to affirm that our old and venerable Alma Mater has had a powerful agency in the achievement of this result. The law, political and moral departments of this college have always been upon a high and respectable footing, and moral and po-

\* Such was Lord Grenville, whose character was so ably sketched by Burke; and such a man was the famous Neckar of France, whose heart was good and whose mind was active, but he was unfortunately deficient in general information and in comprehension of idea. He had been a banker at Geneva and would have managed a great nation like a banking house. It is a curious fact and serves to show the penetration of Dr. A. Smith's mind, that he always said Neckar would soon fall, though enjoying at first the greatest and most enviable popularity; and he made the prediction altogether from the character of his mind which he had thoroughly studied during a short period of association with him. Turgot may perhaps be given as an example of a really wise and great statesman, a man of an excellent elementary education, and of enlarged and liberal views. He has rarely had an equal in modern times, and may be considered in this respect as well contrasting with the two first mentioned. I could easily adduce similar striking illustrations in our own country, and especially among living statesmen, but it is unnecessary and might be improper.

litical subjects have here always received a due consideration. Hence it is that old William and Mary can boast of so astonishing a number of distinguished statesmen in proportion to her alumni—statesmen with whom she might boldly challenge any other institution in this country, or even in the world—statesmen who, whilst they have woven the chaplet of her glory and engraven her name on the page of our country's history, have illustrated by their eloquence and statesmanship the national legislature and federal government, and carried their pervasive influence into the councils of every state in our wide-spread confederacy. So that we may well say of our Alma Mater in view of these brilliant results, in the language of one of the Trojan wanderers,

Quis jam locus,

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

It is surely then a subject for congratulation, rather than censure, that the governors of our institution, whilst they have enlarged the course of studies in every department, have been particularly attentive to morals and politics, and have prescribed such a course on those subjects as will, I am in hopes, insure advantages never before enjoyed in this institution. The great mass of high intellect in all countries, must be employed in morals and politics, and no mind can have received its greatest enlargement, or be fully prepared for a faithful discharge of the great duties of life, without their study. This applies forcibly to our own country, but particularly to the slave-holding portion of it, and will lead me to make a few remarks on the inducements which should urge you, gentlemen, as Americans and Virginians, to make, whilst here, the greatest possible proficiency in all your studies.

The establishment of our federative system of government, has justly been considered as the commencement of a new era in the history of nations. It is emphatically the great experiment of the age in which we live; to it the eyes of all are directed, and upon its issue must the cause of liberty and republican institutions throughout the world, mainly depend. The great and distinguishing characteristic of our system is, that the sovereignty resides in the people—that they constitute the source of all political power, and the only check on the misconduct of rulers. Where such a system prevails, all must depend on the general intelligence and virtue of the mass. If the mainspring of our system is the sovereignty of the people, then does it follow that the people must be enlightened. In the language of the great author of the Declaration of Independence, "power is always stealing from the many to the few;" and nothing can prevent the gradual decay and final loss of our liberties, but unceasing vigilance on the part of the people. We must ever be upon the watch-tower, ready to give the alarm, not only when the citadel of our liberties is openly and violently attacked by the arm of bold and ruthless usurpation, but when we behold those secret and artful approaches to despotism, which gradually undermine the fabric of our institutions, and give no signs of coming mischief, until we are involved in irremediable ruin.

Every man throughout our wide-spread republic, must take his share of responsibility in the result of the great experiment which is now going forward. There is no privileged class here to rule by the right divine.



Far different is our case from the despotisms of the ancient world, or the monarchies of the modern. Sovereignty resided formerly at Babylon, at Thebes, at Persepolis. Now we find it at Paris, Vienna, and London. But in our own more happy country, it pervades our territory like the very air we breathe, reaching the farthest, and binding the most distant together. Politics here is the business of every man, no matter how humble his condition may be. We have it in commission to instruct the world in the science and the art of government. We must, if we succeed, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a well-educated, virtuous, intelligent people, "free without licentiousness—religious without a religious establishment—obedient to laws administered by citizen magistrates, without the show of official lictors or fasces, and without the aid of mercenary legions or janissaries." As a nation, a glorious charge has devolved upon us. Our condition prescribes to each one the salutary law of Solon, that there shall be no neutrals here. Each one must play his part in the great political drama; and you, gentlemen, who have assembled here for the purpose of receiving a liberal education, must recollect that fortunate circumstances have placed you among the privileged few. Every motive of honor, of patriotism, and a laudable ambition, should stimulate to the utmost exertion. Neglect not the precious opportunity which is afforded you. The *five talents* are entrusted to your care; beware lest you bury or throw them away. This is the most important era of your life—the very seedtime of your existence; success now may insure you success hereafter.

The age in which you live, and the circumstances by which you are surrounded, as inhabitants of the south, create a special demand for your utmost exertions. The times are indeed interesting and momentous. We seem to have arrived at one of those great periods in the history of man, when fearful and important changes are threatened in the destiny of the world. In the prophetic language of the boldest of philosophers, we may perhaps with truth affirm, that "the crisis of revolutions is at hand." Never were the opinions of the world more unsettled and more clashing than at this moment. Monarchists and democrats, conservatives and radicals, whigs and tories, agrarians and aristocrats, slaveholders and non-slaveholders, are all now in the great field of contention. What will be the result of this awful conflict, none can say. England's most eloquent and learned divine tells us, that there now sits an unnatural scowl on the aspect of the population—a resolved sturdiness in their attitude and gait; and whether we look to the profane recklessness of their habits, or to the deep and settled hatred which rankles in their hearts, we cannot but read in these moral characteristics the omens of some great and impending overthrow. The whole continent of Europe is agitated by the conflicts of opinions and principles; and we are far, very far from the calm and quiet condition which betokens the undoubted safety of the republic.

When the times are so interesting and exciting; when clouds are lowering above the political horizon, portending fearful storms; when the lapse of time is every day disclosing great and startling events, can you, gentlemen, fold your arms in inglorious indolence—throw away the opportunity that is now offered you—fail to prepare for the important part which should devolve on

you, and add yourselves to the great mass of the unaspiring, illiterate citizens, who have been in all ages and all countries the blind instruments with which despotism has achieved its results. I hope—yes, I know, that at this moment a worthier and a nobler impulse actuates every one of you. And you must recollect too, that you are generally members of that portion of our confederacy whose domestic institutions have been called in question by the meddling spirit of the age. You are slaveholders, or the sons of slaveholders, and as such your duties and responsibilities are greatly increased. He who governs and directs the action of others, needs especially intelligence and virtue. Prepare yourselves, then, for this important relation, so as to be able to discharge its duties with humanity and wisdom. Then can we exhibit to the world the most convincing evidence of the justice of our cause; then may we stand up with boldness and confidence against the frowns of the world; and if the demon of fanaticism shall at last array its thousands of deluded victims against us, threatening to involve us in universal ruin by the overthrow of our institutions, we may rally under our principles undivided and undismayed—firm and resolute as the Spartan band at Thermopylæ; and such a spirit, guided by that intelligence which should be possessed by slaveholders, will ever insure the triumph of our cause. I will not dwell longer at present on the high motives which should urge you to exertion; but let me call your attention to some of the evils and temptations which will beset you in your collegiate career, and against which I must now warn you to be on your guard.

There are many persons opposed to a college education, because it is supposed to subject the youth to strong temptations, and in the end, to lead many into dissipation and vice, who might otherwise pass through life moral and correct citizens. I will not say that temptation does not exist here—that evil may not arise to some from their connection with college. But I do affirm unhesitatingly, that there is no better preparation for the great world into which you are soon to enter, than a proper discharge of your duties in the little one with which you are now about to connect yourselves. The individual who passes through a college life with honor and credit to himself, resisting the little temptations which beset him, has already been tried and tested, and his virtue is of a much more stern and genuine character than that of him who has never gone forth from the paternal roof, and consequently never been disciplined in the school of his equals. You may rest assured that every one of you who shall pass safely through this ordeal, will be a better and a more useful citizen, because of the very temptations which you may have triumphantly resisted whilst here.

Let me then call on each of you to guard against all excesses which may lure you from the path of your duties—remember that one transgression tempts to another, until the individual becomes hardened and reckless in his course. Beware of the very beginnings of vice; a little indulgence at first, believed even to be harmless, may lead to melancholy ruin in the end. Never forget the great purpose for which your parents have sent you here, and never permit, for a moment, any circumstances to divert you from it. Be firm, be determined in your course; listen not to the Syren voice of

pleasure and dissipation, but acquire at once that manliness and resolution which will enable you to say so! when pressed to do wrong; and you may rest assured that you will meet with your recompense not only in after life, but here, even whilst you are students. I may claim to have some experience in this matter. I have been myself a student in this college, and for some years past have been connected with it, and have been no inattentive observer of passing events; and it gives me pleasure to assure you, that the economical, moral, and diligent students have always been the most popular, and the most highly esteemed by their companions. Are there any honors to be conferred?—those are the gentlemen to receive them. Are there any distinguished duties to perform?—those are the individuals invited to discharge them. It is their names which are sounded with praise by their fellow-students, wherever they go in society; and their reputation survives and is cherished, while those who have spent their time in idleness and dissipation are forgotten; or if remembered, remembered to be condemned.

It too often happens that the youth at college imagines that he has rights and interests to defend adverse to those of his instructors. This false impression is pregnant with the most mischievous consequences. It arrays the student against the professor, introduces disorder and idleness into the institution, and in the end becomes, perhaps, the cause of the student's dismissal, and consequently of irreparable injury to himself, and of pain and mortification to his friends and relatives. Now, gentlemen, I beg you to reflect a moment on the absurdity of this opinion. Where can there be any hostility of interest between your instructors and yourselves? Is it not our interest, as well as yours, that you should be diligent in your studies, correct and moral in your deportment? Does not the student who makes the greatest proficiency in his studies, earn the greatest honor for himself, while he reflects the greatest renown upon the college? and I can assure you that we feel proud indeed when we behold those who have received our instruction gracing and adorning the spheres in which they move. Where, then, is the hostility of interest? There is none; the belief is vain and idle. The right for which the student is induced to contend, is often nothing more than the *right* to do *wrong*, the exercise of which always proves more destructive to himself than detrimental to us. If the student would only take a correct view of this subject, there would be nothing more endearing and harmonious than the relation of professor and pupil. The complexion of his whole future life may depend upon his acquirements and conduct whilst here. It is our duty, and it is his interest, that we should guard and restrain when he would run into excess. It has been my fortune to meet with several in the world who have spent their collegiate lives in reckless dissipation and idleness. I have beheld them while reaping the bitter fruits of their conduct; have heard their confessions of deep regret, and seen them shed the tear of heartfelt repentance; and I have not met with one who did not wish that he could run his race again, that he might avoid the errors of his youth.

But, independently of the motives of interest which should operate on you, there are others, of an elevated character, which must ever stimulate the generous and the virtuous. The friends and relatives, who dwell

around the enchanted spot of your nativity and boyhood, and seem associated with your very existence, are looking with interest to your career whilst here, and calling upon you for exertion during this eventful period of your lives. But, most of all, should the anxious, the painful solicitude, which is felt for your welfare by those beloved beings who have guided you along the path of infancy urge you onwards. Never forget the joy with which you may recompense your kind indulgent parents by your assiduity and success while here; nor the sorrow and mortification which you may occasion by your idleness and misconduct. You have, indeed, the happiness of the authors of your existence in your hands, and a generous heart will recoil from the infliction of sorrow. And let me urge you to keep up a frequent and unreserved correspondence with your families; reveal, frankly, all that occurs concerning yourselves, and never neglect the mandate of a father, or spurn the advice of a mother. Perhaps I could not give you better counsel, than to beg you never to forget the example of Marmontel. When you are about to perform a questionable act, let each one pause, and ask himself, "what would my mother say if she knew what I am about to do?"\*

After having made these general remarks, I must call your attention, particularly, to several vices which the Faculty will be bound to take every means within their power effectually to suppress. These are, *extravagance, drinking and gambling*. The visitors at the last meeting of the convocation were so much impressed with the belief of the great injury which the extravagant habits of southern students have done to the cause of literature, that they passed a regulation requiring the Faculty to obtain, if possible, from each merchant in town, a pledge, that he would, in no case, extend credit to the students unless upon application from the parent or guardian, made known through the President, or some one of the Faculty. I am most happy to say, that every merchant in town has given the pledge with a willingness and promptness which reflect the greatest credit on the mercantile portion of our city, and mark, conclusively a generous disregard of all selfish considerations, when arrayed against the permanent interests of the town and college. In justice to the merchants, I must state to you, that they have subscribed to this pledge with no motives of hostility towards any of your number, or from any dissatisfaction at the conduct of any one of you. Their act has been the result of the most praiseworthy motives.†

\* I know of no one thing more essential to the prosperity of any college than the co-operation of the parent or guardian with the discipline of the institution. Such co-operation furnishes a sanction to the laws which can be derived from no other quarter. Hence my anxiety that a constant and frequent correspondence, of the most unreserved character, should be carried on between the students and their families. A timely letter from a father or a mother, has saved many a young man from ruin, by making him pause in his career and reflect on his conduct.

† The resolution of the visitors is as follows:

*Resolved*, That it is highly expedient that the practice of students buying on credit should be stopped: and therefore, that the President be directed to endeavor to obtain the consent and a formal pledge from the merchants and dealers of Williamsburg, not to furnish commodities in any case to a student, on credit, unless by the written authority of the parent or guardian, communicated through the Faculty: And it is made the duty of the President, should his application be rendered unsuccessful by



You may suppose, gentlemen, that the conduct of the Visitors and Faculty in this matter has been unwarrantable, and unnecessarily strict; but a moment's reflection will convince you of your error. This regulation has been made after the maturest consideration of the subject, and past experience not only justified, but absolutely demanded such a step. I know of no one thing more loudly and more universally complained of in all our southern institutions than the unreasonable and absurd extravagance of many of the students who attend them. This evil, in some cases, has been enormous, and I have known many parents to be so much discontented with the conduct of their sons in this respect, as to cut short their education, and to become so disgusted with a college life as to resolve never more to subject a son to the same temptation. Now, the principal cause of this lavish expenditure of money, has been the facility with which credit has been obtained. The facility of obtaining credit has ruined even many a cautious man, by the temptations which have been thrown in his way, and the consequent inducements which have been offered to him to run into debt. During the ardent, and too often thoughtless period of youth, experience has shown that this privilege becomes too dangerous to be trusted to the individual. He adds expense to expense—proceeds from one extravagance to another, until he becomes perfectly reckless in his career. Prices, of course, will be enhanced in proportion to the risk which the creditor runs. Those who are honest are made to pay for those who are not. And thus many a student, before he has had a pausing season for reflection, finds an aggregate of items arrayed against him, which draws down the displeasure of his parent, or materially embarrasses his own little property.

The resolution of the Board of Visitors is intended, if possible, to eradicate this evil. The student's expenses now must be known to his parents and guardians, or they must give their express consent to his obtaining credit. If he shall be still extravagant, the responsibility must rest with him and his parents; we shall have done our duty. But we hope, most sincerely, that you will keep in view both your own and the college interests in this particular. Strict economy on the part of the student at college is a great virtue. Let each one remember that the money which he spends here has not been wrung from his brow, but from that of another. Liberality with that which is mine may be generous, but with that which is another's, is often selfish and culpable. I beg you to reflect upon the consequences of extravagance while here: it leads the student into idle, dissipated habits, and defeats the great purposes for which he has entered our institution; it blights his future prospects, and draws down upon him the displeasure of his parents. But, above all, gentlemen, let me bid you remember that which must always move the generous heart of youth. Your extravagance here extends beyond yourselves; it may reach your innocent brothers and sisters—your parents may become disgusted, or their resources may be contracted, and a Bacon or a Newton may be made to follow the plough,

the refusal to give such pledge, or a violation of it, if given, to correspond with the guardians or parents of the young men at college, advising them to give explicit instructions to their wards or sons not to deal, either in cash or on credit, with any such merchant or dealer.

because the thoughtless, prodigal son has gone before them. And thus may it be affirmed, but too truly, that every increase of collegiate expense necessarily inflicts an injury on the great cause of science and education. There may be those whose ample resources may place them far above the necessity of strict economy. To them I would say, that it is selfish, or thoughtless at least, to indulge, before those with whom they must associate, in a style of expenditure which they cannot imitate without ruin to themselves and their parents. Liberality, under such circumstances, ceases to be generous—it becomes a species of selfish ostentation, which reflects no credit on him who displays it, and does great injury to his associates. To every one of you, then, let me recommend rigid economy, and you may be sure of reaping your reward in more steady habits, increased diligence, and a more perfect preparation for the great theatre of life on which you expect to enter.

Upon the subject of drinking and gambling, I shall say but a few words; the melancholy consequences of these vices are known to all—how the one stupifies and benumbs the faculties of the mind and the body, while the other reaches the citadel of the heart, and generates a train of the blackest vices which human nature is heir to. Let me beg you to beware of these vices, which have plunged so many families into distress and mourning, and have generated so large a portion of the misery of the world. Take care how far you indulge, lest your ruin come before you are aware of it. Our laws are severe against these vices, and experience has convinced us that we must rigidly execute them. But I hope the propriety of your course here will furnish us with no occasion for the enforcement of our laws.

In conclusion upon this subject, I will say to you, that if the students of William and Mary shall bind themselves, during their residence at college, not to spend more than a certain amount of pocket money, which should be moderate—not to taste ardent spirits any where, nor wine, or any other intoxicating liquor, except in private families, and not to touch a card, or play for money at any game of hazard, and shall strictly conform to these resolutions—then you will indeed have formed a temperance society, of which you may be justly proud—one that will do the greatest honor to yourselves, establish the reputation of our college, and set an example to the world whose benefit may extend throughout our country; and the students of '36 and '37 will long be remembered in the College of William and Mary. How far superior will such a reputation as this be to that short-lived notoriety purchased by extravagance and dissipation, and terminating too often in mortification and ruin. The case of the student is a very peculiar one; if he can pass through his short career at college, with all due diligence and propriety, he will have achieved for himself a great result. Full success in his studies during the few brief months that he remains within our college walls, may accomplish more for his future standing, and future happiness, than many years of hard toil and labor in after life, without the advantages which he might have reaped whilst here. It is for this reason that a society of the kind which I have just recommended must succeed here, if it can succeed any where. For you have only to adhere to your temperance vow for a few months, and the benefit is attained. But whether you shall form such a society as this or not,

let every one of you endeavor, whilst here, to be economical, temperate and diligent; and such as persevere in this course, whatever may be said to the contrary, are most respected and honored by their fellow-students, make the greatest proficiency in their studies, and turn out at last the most valuable and distinguished members of society.

There are many other subjects to which I would wish to call your attention; but the limits which I have prescribed myself in this address, compel me to be brief. Our laws forbid your entry into taverns, and likewise all drinking parties and suppers among yourselves. Experience has shown these things to be ruinous to the students, and highly pernicious to the interests of the institution. You are to respect the college premises—not to deface or injure the college buildings. Each one of you is to be responsible for the injury done to his room, and to pay for all the injury which he may do to the buildings—always bearing in recollection that you come here not to exercise your knives, but your heads.

I would advise you particularly to be punctual in your attendance on divine service every Sabbath, and to be respectful and attentive whilst in church. He who disturbs a religious congregation, not only manifests a censurable disregard of religion, but exhibits an unfeeling heart, and is guilty of conduct which is not gentlemanly. An enlightened pulpit is not only the source of religious instruction, but of morality and civilization; and a truly pious clergyman merits the respect, the love, and gratitude of the world, for he is one of the greatest of its benefactors. Be always respectful in your conversation towards religion, not only from regard to the feelings of others, but for the sake of your own reputation. Avowed infidelity is now considered by the enlightened portion of the world as a reflection both on the head and heart. The Atheist has long since been overthrown by the light of nature, and the Deist by that of revelation. The Infidel and the Christian have fought the battle, and the latter has won the victory. The Humes and Voltaires have been vanquished from the field, and the Bacons, Lockes, and Newtons have given in their adhesion. The argument is closed forever, and he who now obtrudes on the social circle his infidel notions, manifests the arrogance of a literary coxcomb, or that want of refinement which distinguishes the polished gentleman. If there be among you any ministers of the gospel, or professors of religion studying with a view to the ministry, to them we cheerfully open our lecture-rooms, free of all expense, and shall consider ourselves as highly recompensed, if the instruction which we may communicate shall be made instrumental in promoting virtue and true religion.

A copy of our laws will be placed in the hands of each one of you: read and respect them. On the part of the Faculty, with which I have the honor to be connected, I have to state that the discipline of the college must and will be enforced. The oath of office, the reputation of the institution, your own welfare and success, all demand vigilance and promptness on our part. From your instructors you will always receive kind, affectionate, and parental treatment, and you may well believe it will ever be painful to us to animadvert on your conduct, or to inflict the penalties required by our laws. Nothing but a high sense of duty could lead us to proceed against those for whom the bare relation

which subsists between us must generate feelings of the kindest character. The professor, who is kind to the student, and attentive to his interests, while he nerves himself upon all occasions to a discharge of his duty, is always his greatest benefactor; and the student will acknowledge it as soon as he has left the college walls.

Be diligent, be perseveringly attentive to your studies, and you have the antidote against all the evils and temptations to which college life is incident. And let me advise you, particularly in your evening rambles and social gatherings, to direct your thoughts and conversation to subjects of importance, particularly to the subject of your lectures. Enlightened, intelligent conversation is a source of great mental improvement; it brings mind into conflict with mind, sharpens the faculties, gives increased relish for study, and greatly enlarges the stock of information by an interchange of ideas. It is for this reason that a few intelligent men in a county will be found quickly to raise its intellectual level; and a few inquiring, successful students in a college, will in like manner quickly inspire the whole number with ardor and devotion to study. Hence the fact which the statistics of all long established colleges will prove, that great men are not sent out from their walls one by one, from year to year, in regular succession, but they come at longer intervals, and always in little platoons. Thus are we convinced of the interesting fact, that genius is rarely solitary—it delights in company. The example and conversation of the successful student arouse and stimulate his companions, and lead them along with himself to distinction.\*

Let me advise you by all means to discard at once that absurd notion, which has made an illiterate man of many a vain student—that genius delights not in labor. Very different is the fact; love of study, and unshaken perseverance in the pursuit of its object, is the true characteristic of genius every where. The men of genius who have built up the great systems of philosophy, and laid the foundation of civilization, have all been laborious students, as well as deep thinkers; they have been the true working-men of the world. Such men were Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Cicero, of antiquity, and such have been the Luthers, the Bacons, and Newtons of modern times, and such all men are compelled to be, who possess a laudable ambition for distinction and usefulness. In the language of Doctor Johnson we may assert, that "all the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are the results of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. It is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of de-

\* Our own college furnishes most conclusive proof of the truth of these remarks. I will give only two examples, and comment will be unnecessary. John Randolph, L. W. Tazewell, Robert B. Taylor, and John Thompson, author of the letters signed "Curtius," were the heavy product of one season; while P. P. Barbour, B. W. Leigh, Chapman Johnson, Henry St. George Tucker, (President of Court of Appeals,) Robert Stanard, J. C. Cabell, and Lewis Harvie were that of another; and during the whole time William and Mary College rarely numbered more than sixty students. I have been informed, on inquiry into this subject, that the northern colleges, especially Yale and Harvard, furnish similar instances. It is said, for example, that the class in which Harrison Gray Otis graduated at Cambridge, yielded a most extraordinary number of great men in proportion to its size.



viating from the beaten track of life, and of acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit the *power of persisting in their purposes*, acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks."

There is even a great deal of labor requisite on your part to place yourselves on the intellectual level of the age in which you live. In the beautiful language of one of the ablest writers of our country, we can truly say, "it is not with us as it was in former times, when science belonged to solitary studies, or philosophical ease, or antiquarian curiosity. It has escaped from the closet, and become an habitual accompaniment of every department of life. It accosts us equally in the highways and byways. We meet it in the idle walk, and in the crowded street; in the very atmosphere we breathe, in the earth we tread on, in the ocean we traverse, and on the rivers we navigate. It visits the workshop of the mechanic, the laboratory of the apothecary, the chambers of the engraver, the vats of the dyer, the noisy haunts of the spinning-jenny, and the noiseless retreats of the bleachery. It crosses our paths in the long-winding canal, in the busy rail-road, in the flying steamboat, and in the gay and gallant merchant-ship, wafting its products to every clime. It enters our houses, sits down at our firesides, lights up our conversations and revels at our banquets. One is almost tempted to say that the whole world seems in a blaze, and that the professors in science, and the dealers in the arts surround us by their magical circles, and compel us to remain captives in the spells of their witchcraft." And can you consent to waste your time in inglorious repose and idleness, while the whole world is blazing with philosophy? No, gentlemen, you cannot. Arouse all your energies, waken up your faculties, enter on your career like the combatant at the Olympic Games, resolved to win the prize, and in advance I tell you, the victory will be yours.

You are here placed amid scenes which may well excite a noble and a laudable ambition, and make the bosom of the patriot throb. You tread on classic soil—a soil connected with associations which carry the imagination back to bygone days, and fix it on the noble achievements of philanthropists, heroes, statesmen, and sages. There is every thing here to excite generous aspirations. On the one side of you is the almost hallowed island where our hardy forefathers made the first lodgment of civilization on our portion of the western world, in face of the wilderness and the savage foe. On another side, not far removed, is the spot where the father of his country wound up the drama of the revolution, by that great and signal victory which gave us peace, and ensured us so important a station among the nations of the earth. You will assemble daily in these classic halls, which have witnessed the collegiate labors of some of the greatest and noblest men who have ever lived in the tide of time; men who have raised up their country's glory, and gone down to their graves covered with the laurels which their genius and their virtues won. Fronting this building, at the other end of our street, and in full view, stand the interesting remains of the Old Capitol of Virginia, which every true Virginian must gaze on with mingled emotions of pride and plea-

sure—a building in which the chivalry and talent of our state were assembled during the dark days of the revolution, when Wythe, Pendleton, and Jefferson displayed their wisdom in council, and Lee, Mason and the matchless Henry poured forth those strains of sublime eloquence which animated and cheered the drooping spirit of the land, and warmed the heart and braced up the nerve of the patriot. Looking on such scenes as these—contemplating the great minds that have been nursed in our institution, and the intellectual Titans who have won their trophies on this interesting theatre, can you fail to be inspired with a noble ambition?—an ambition to imitate those mighty men who have gone before you, and whom the genius of the place in silent eloquence summons to your recollection. The author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* tells us, that he first caught the inspiration which gave rise to his great work, while gazing from the modern capitol of Rome on the ruins that lie scattered over the vallies and the seven hills. May we not hope then that many of you will catch a similar inspiration amid the interesting objects which surround you while breathing, in this old and hospitable city, a political atmosphere that still retains all the ardor and patriotism of former days? Again then, gentlemen, I call on you for perseverance and unremitting exertion; and in view of all the circumstances which surround and stimulate you while here, may I not say to you, in conclusion, that your friends, your parents, your instructors, expect every one to do his duty.

### THE BRIDEGROOM'S DREAM.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH,  
Of Washington City.

Come gaze upon the moon, my love,  
Upturn thy bonny brow,  
And I'll tell thee a dream I had  
Beneath her light just now.

I did not mean to slumber, love,  
But gazed into the skies,  
Till gentle sleep came softly down,  
And clos'd my weary eyes.

I dream'd that I was lying there,  
As I before had lain,  
Upgazing on the lady moon,  
And winking stars again.

Methought, a snowy-feathery cloud  
That hover'd round the moon,  
Came sailing down toward the earth,  
And chang'd its semblance soon.

It was a pinnace—beautiful,  
Of silver made and pearl,  
And there was seated at the helm  
A most entrancing girl.

About her lurk'd some witching spell  
The sternest heart could bow,

Nay—look not sad, my own dear girl,  
That ladye fair—was thou!

“Come dearest,” softly didst thou cry,  
And seated by thy side,  
We sprang up in the buoyant boat  
Cleaving the airy tide.

Far swifter than the lightning’s flash—  
Far swifter than the wind,  
Yea—swifter than the viewless thought  
We left the world behind!

And smilingly thy dark blue eyes  
Were ever fixed on mine,  
I felt a thrilling through my veins,  
An ecstasy divine!

Upward and upward, onward still,  
Until we reach’d the bound  
Of that encircling atmosphere  
That girdles earth around.

A sudden pause—a giddy whirl,  
Lo! we had pass’d the bound,  
And quickly as a beam of light,  
Sank down on *lunar* ground!

We two have stray’d through many vales,  
Thou well might’st lovely call,  
But that fair valley of the moon  
Was loveliest of them all!

Soft rippling o’er a silver lake  
The wind sang through the trees,  
And every thing was gather’d round,  
Each dainty sense to please.

Young odorous flowers, of rainbow dye,  
Sprang up beneath our feet;  
And fruit, that seem’d to tempt our taste,  
Was more than earthly sweet.

I thought in that lone valley,  
Were none but thou and I,  
And we were destined there to live,  
To *live*—and *love*—and *die*.

A destiny so calmly blest,  
So free from earthly pain,  
Say, can you wonder that I griev’d  
To wake on earth again?

Yes! thou art *mine*, my beautiful,  
And we are happy now;  
But sorrow will come to the heart,  
And sadness to the brow.

Sickness will come, with pallid hand,  
And poverty may press;  
Yes, earth with all its earthly cares,  
Will mar our happiness.

Yet do not sigh, my own lov’d bride,  
I shall be with thee still;  
And will we not, by sharing, half  
Annihilate each ill?

## ESSAYS OF GILCHRIST.\*

### II.

Permitte Divis cœtera

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Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.—*Horat.*

All the miseries and infelicities to which human nature is subject, are of three classes. Those to which we are immediately exposed from the imperfect state of our existence—those which are the concomitants of vice, folly and obstinacy, and those which by restlessness, impatience and apprehensions, we have portioned out to ourselves.

The first, as they are inseparable from our nature, will always yield to the remedies of reason and philosophy; and instead of fruitless complaints and unavailing wishes for an amendment of that condition in which the divinity has thought fit to place us, we shall be enabled to support it with fortitude and thankfulness that it is not more intolerable.

The second, as they are the immediate effects of our deviations from the paths of virtue, in direct opposition to sense and reflection, will cease when they become intolerable either from pain, remorse or disappointment; since we cannot suppose that a rational being will persist in the commission of actions repugnant to justice, goodness and truth, when he finds the happiness, pleasure or profit which he had in view, so far from being accomplished, that those very means which to him appeared the fairest and most likely to insure success, have been the chief instruments of disappointment.

The first two general causes of human infelicity, we see then, may be obviated by the dictates of philosophy and the application of rational remedies, but we shall find the third much more obstinate.

This impatience, this restlessness, this not dissatisfaction with our present condition, but frivolous apprehensions of the future, this disposition which changes that which nature has made so excellent, overturns the beautiful fabric of human happiness, mingles the bitterest ingredients with the cup of felicity, or dashes it from the lips of those for whom it has been prepared, this I say, is of such an unaccountable and inexplicable nature as would lead one to suppose no remedy could be found to remove. Who but a fool or hypochondriac could we suppose, when basking in the genial beams of a summer sun, and fanned by the cooling zephyrs, or sailing on a smooth sea under a serene sky, would torment himself with the apprehensions of storms and tempests? Who, but a madman would destroy the pleasures of a delightful landscape by reflecting, that in the course of a few months the fields will be stripped of their verdure, the groves of their shade, and the rivulet arrested in its course by the nipping breath of winter winds?

Did this infelicity arise from a consciousness of our own unworthiness, in possessing enjoyments superior to what we deserve, and the fear of being stripped of them in consequence thereof, it would carry some shadow of reason along with it—but this is not the case, since few can bring themselves to think that their portion of happiness is equal, if not superior to their merit; or was it the result of a comparison of our own situation with those around us, we should have some hopes of a cure;

\* See last Messenger.



since, if we take a true and impartial survey of our own condition, and those of our fellow creatures, we shall certainly have more cause for thankfulness than murmuring. Do we see one possessed of immense wealth?—perhaps heaven has denied him a soul capable of enjoyment. Look we down and behold his counterpart oppressed with poverty and want—to him, perhaps, heaven has been bountiful in its gifts of resignation and contentment. The rich are not happy in proportion to their possessions, neither are the poor wretched in proportion to their wants. Through every inequality of life, the same conclusions may justly be drawn. Have we from a state of affluence been reduced to want, or from a state of power to that of dependency?—are we deprived of our liberty and cut off from society to drag out a part of our existence in dreary confinement?—have we been robbed of those whom we had treasured up in our hearts as the better half of ourselves, and left to tread the rugged paths of life disconsolate and forlorn?—the means of happiness are still in our power—that substantial happiness which arises from the steady and uniform practice of virtue, the testimony of an honest conscience and thoughts of self-approbation.

A disposition to murmur, is to accuse the Deity of injustice; a disposition to despondency is an imputation of disregard to that Being who has so liberally provided for the wants of all his creatures. To anticipate miseries which, perhaps, may never come to pass, is to wrest the keys of futurity from the hands of the Almighty, to plunder his decrees of what cannot possibly belong to us till he shall think proper to bestow them, and to fly in the face of him who has declared that he will withhold no good thing from the virtuous and deserving part of his creatures.

Would we then wish to dry up this source of infelicity and be happy in the enjoyment of our present lot, without which we can never, with tranquillity, look forward to the future, let us consider that in the state in which we are placed by the hand of Providence, though our wishes may be many, our real wants are but few—that happiness or misery do not depend on the trifling contingencies of sublunary affairs—that the ways of Providence are impervious to mortal eyes, so that we can neither foresee nor prevent whatever portion of good or evil may be in store for us—and that a rational use of whatever means of happiness we may have received, is not only to prolong them, but to heighten the enjoyment and prepare us for what may further be added to our happiness, or what pain may in future be inflicted. To act in this manner is to deserve the rank in which we are placed, whether as men or philosophers—by which all unjust murmurings will be effectually removed, and the cause of our greatest share of infelicity will be done away.

*Literary Society, December 2, 1779.*

### III.

Sunt quibus datur sapientia, sed modus sapere carent. Verba cum frondes sunt, ubi superabundant fructus raro invenimus.  
*Cicero in Appian.*

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one

of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing gains so much upon the affections as this *extempore eloquence*, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practice every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most people is disagreeable—not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and discretion.

If we resolve to please, we must never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of our own; but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. He who aims only at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humor at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because no one envys a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

But should we be disposed to talk of ourselves, what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to enumerate our supposed virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses we keep?—how many courses we dine of?—or whether our servant is a fool or a knave?

One may equally affront the company he is in, either by engrossing all the talk, or preserving a contemptuous silence.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age will make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty, formal use of a proverb, or a decision in all controversies, with a short unmeaning sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science for which he is remarkably famous. There is not a handsomer thing than what was said of the famous Mr. Cowley—"That none but his intimate friends ever discovered by his discourse that he was a poet." Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded on good policy. He who talks of any thing for which he is already famous, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. It might be added, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

When occasion for commendation is found, it will not be amiss to add the reasons for it, as it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

Though good humor, sense and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare ourselves for particular conversa-

tion, by looking a little into what is become a reigning subject.

Though the asking questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question, would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly, more rude or absurd, than the pleasure some people take in what they call speaking their minds. A person of this manner of thinking will say a rude thing merely for the pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not possible for a man to form to himself as exquisite pleasure in complying with the humor and sentiments of others, as with bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of superior genius which can assume and become whatever dress it pleases.

We may add, moreover, that there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching, as well as their vices; and our own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes us tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

*Literary Society, July 16, 1779.*

#### IV.

*Facta Majorum, veluti in Speculum ostendit Historia—Judex æquus bonorum et malorum.*

It is not without reason, that history has always been considered as the light of ages, the depository of events, the faithful evidence of truth, the source of prudence and good counsel, and the rule of conduct and manners—confined without it to the bounds of the age and country wherein we live, and shut up within the narrow circle of such branches of knowledge as are peculiar to us, and the limits of our own private reflections, we continue in a kind of infancy which leaves us strangers to the rest of the world, and profoundly ignorant of all that has preceded, or even now surrounds us. What is the small number of years which make up the longest life, or what the extent of country which we are able to possess or travel over, but an imperceptible point in comparison of the vast regions of the universe, and the long series of ages which have succeeded one another since the creation of the world? And yet all we are capable of knowing must be limited to this point, unless we call in the study of history to our aid, which opens to us every age and every country, keeps up a correspondence between us and the great men of antiquity, sets all their actions, all their achievements, virtues and faults, before our eyes, and by the prudent reflections it either presents or gives us an opportunity of making, soon teaches us to be wise in a manner far superior to the lessons of the greatest masters.

History may properly be called the common school of mankind, equally open and useful both to great and small; those necessary and important services can be obtained only by its assistance, as having the power of speaking freely, and the right of passing an absolute judgment on actions of every denomination. Though the abilities of the great may be extolled, their wit and

valor admired, and their exploits and conquest boasted, yet if all these have no foundation in truth and justice, history will tacitly pass sentence upon them, under borrowed names. The greatest part of the most famous conquerors, we shall find treated as public calamities, the enemies of mankind, and the robbers of nations; who, hurried on by a restless and blind ambition, carry desolation from country to country, and like an inundation or a fire, ravage all they meet in their way. We shall see a Caligula, a Nero and a Domitian, who, praised to excess during their lives, become the horror and execration of mankind after their deaths; whereas a Titus, a Trajan and a Marcus Aurelius, are still looked upon as the delights of the world. It is history which fixes the seal of immortality on actions truly great, and sets a mark of infamy on vices, which no after-age can ever obliterate. It is by history that mistaken merit and oppressed virtue appeal to the uncorrupted tribunal of posterity, which renders them that justice, which their own age has sometimes refused them, and, without respect of persons, and the fear of a power which subsists no more, condemns the unjust abuse of authority with inexorable rigor.

There is no age or condition, which may not derive the same advantages from History; and what has been said of princes and conquerors, comprehends also in some measure, persons in power, ministers of state, generals of armies, officers, magistrates, and in a word all those who have authority over others, for such persons have sometimes more haughtiness, pride and petulance, in a very limited station, and carry their despotic disposition and arbitrary power to the greatest lengths.

Thus history we see, when it is well taught, becomes a school of morality for all mankind; it condemns vice, throws off the mask from false virtues, lays open popular errors and prejudices, dispels the delusive charms of riches, and all the vain pomp which dazzles the imagination, and shows by a thousand examples that are more availing than all reasonings whatever, that nothing is great and commendable but honor and probity. From the esteem and admiration which the most corrupt cannot refuse to the great and good actions which history lays before them, it confirms the great and important truth, that virtue is man's real good, and alone can render him truly great and valuable. This virtue we are taught by history to revere, and to discern its beauty and brightness through the veils of poverty, adversity and obscurity, and sometimes even of disgrace and infamy; and on the other hand, it inspires us with contempt and horror of vice, though clothed in purple and surrounded with splendor.

*Literary Society, February 11th, 1780.*

### THE EXILE'S ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

[Written several years ago.]

The hour is come, and I must part,  
My native land, with thee;  
The scenes, the ties that hold my heart,  
Are thine, fair Land of Liberty!



But *these*, and all beside I leave,  
To venture on the ocean wave;  
Compell'd, alas! compell'd to be  
An exile from my *home* and *thee*!

The hill, the lawn, the blushing vine,  
That deck my place of birth,  
My much lov'd native land, are thine,  
And sacred is thy earth;  
For thou contain'st a father's grave,  
Who died, thy soil and rights to save—  
Yet, I am thus compell'd to be  
An exile from them all and *thee*.

Beside, the ties by nature given,  
To bind us to our kind—  
All, but the fadeless *hope* of heaven,  
I leave with thee behind:  
Then while the vessel lingers here,  
Accept, my native land, a *tear*;  
Alas! I am compell'd to be  
An exile from my *home* and *thee*.

Away! away! how swiftly we  
Are swept across the brine;  
Yon far blue spot is all I see,  
But oh! that spot is thine.  
A weeping exile bids adieu  
To friends he never more shall view;  
Alas! he is compell'd to be  
A wanderer, fair land, from *thee*!

But *hope*, and recollections bright,  
With him will always be,  
And like the brilliant star of night,  
Dispel his misery.  
For thinking on thy sons, I'll deem  
Myself among them; though a dream,  
'Twill consolation sometimes give,  
To know for *thee* they *only* live.

Pure as thy native air and sky,  
Thy daughters, slaves can never nurse;  
Too noble, they had rather die,  
Than give or bear the fatal curse.  
Around thy banner, at the call,  
Oh, may thy offspring stand or fall;  
And though to friendless climes I flee,  
My warmest prayers shall be for *thee*.

The sun that sets will rise again,  
But I can never see  
His rays upon my native plain,  
Nor *friends* to welcome me.  
Adieu, forever! who can tell  
The sorrow of this last farewell?  
But fate ordains, and I *must* be  
An exile from my *home* and *thee*.

#### WALLADMOR.

Sir W. Scott's reputation prompted some German publishers to make a bold attempt at imposition. A work was announced under the title of Walladmor, and professing to be a free translation from the English of Sir Walter. It was a miserable failure.

#### TRAGEDIES OF SILVIO PELLICO.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The misfortunes and sufferings of this individual, as related in the memoirs of his "Imprisonments," published not long since, have excited in Europe and in this country an interest in his fate. There are few of our readers, we think, who do not remember the captive at Spielberg, and have not been moved by the simple and touching account of his calamities, and the truly philanthropic and christian spirit exhibited under them. Many of the tragedies we propose to notice were composed in prison, and repeated to his fellow-captives, to beguile the dreary hours of confinement, when perhaps the sufferer looked forward to death alone as the means of his liberation. These dramas have, therefore, an interest apart from their intrinsic merit, and would invite attention, even were they destitute of greater claims. But the name of Silvio Pellico, before his unfortunate arrest, was known throughout Italy as one of the best of her living dramatists; and his subsequent pieces have detracted in no way from his literary fame. This is great praise in itself, when we consider the high reputation acquired by his first effort, "*Francesca da Rimini*."

It is well known that Manzoni attempted to carve out a new path for the drama in Italy. Avowedly renouncing the system of Alfieri and his followers—a system which had been prevalent since the birth of dramatic literature in his country—he aimed at becoming the founder of a new school, that should be more akin to the English and German. From his boldness in violating the unities of time and place, and numbering himself among the romantic writers, we are induced to believe that the reformation he advocates is to be total, and that his new principles are to be recommended by advantages peculiar to themselves. But this is not the case in the tragedies of Manzoni. His rich fancy, and command of poetic language, have indeed embellished them as poems; but as dramas, they have gained absolutely nothing. His heroes wear the same stiff and formal aspect with all the rest; we know them, if not by the "Athenian garment they have on," by their cold, stately, and monotonous deportment. The interest is almost wholly political; the plots are unskillfully conducted, and the dialogue occasionally wearisome. The death-scene of Ermengarda in *Adelchi*, and the interview between the count and his wife and daughter, in *Carmagnuola*, are indeed touching and tragic; but they are merely episodes in the pieces, and the merit of a single scene is insufficient to redeem a whole play. The same faults, growing out of the selection of a political subject, are to be found with Pindemonte; while Monti and Niccolini are to be regarded as followers of Alfieri, since their compositions are upon the same plan. Pellico, without ostentation, has aimed at penetrating to the true source of tragic emotion. He has excluded all local coloring from his productions, neglecting also those striking embellishments of description and imagery, of which all the above-mentioned writers have availed themselves: yet his dramas are universal favorites in Italy. The cause of this popularity, the secret of his influence, lies in the exhibition of the passions. To accomplish this point, and succeed by the representation of feeling alone, he has sacrificed

what he considered the minor advantages of poetical ornament; but while he has thereby proved his power to unlock the sympathies, he has compelled himself to forego the complete success he might have commanded by a more impartial attention to the devices of his art. He has avoided, in most of his plays, the turgid declamation too common among the poets of his country; we say in most of them, for we think his *Euphemia* of *Messina*, in sound and fury, will challenge a comparison with any of the productions of his predecessors, without displaying the pathos of which the subject was capable. It is ever difficult to sympathize with distresses growing out of artificial opinions dependant upon a state of society entirely different from our own; we cannot, therefore, enter into the embarrassment of *Ludovica*, when she fancies herself bound by a sacred vow, to save her country by the sacrifice of her lover. Had the dependance of her father's fate upon *Euphemia*'s destruction been brought more fully and immediately into view, when her resolution was formed, her conduct would have been more consistent with her character, and with female nature; and those who read with coldness the resolves, the conflicts, the despair of the bewildered enthusiast, would have been moved with emotion at the sufferings and the heroism of a daughter. It is truth to nature, and its exquisite simplicity, which give such power to the *Francesca*; no where does the author o'erstep the modesty of nature in the expression of emotion. This tragedy, by which its author is best known, is founded on a passage in *Dante*, where the shade of the unhappy lady relates the story of her love. *Francesca*, the daughter of *Guido*, lord of *Ravenna*, was given by her father in marriage to *Lanciotto* of *Rimini*; being fondly attached at the time to his brother *Paolo*, who had unfortunately slain her brother, and consequently ventured not to become a suitor for her hand. Their sufferings are occasioned by a mutual misunderstanding. *Paolo*, supposing himself the object of her hatred, only after a long absence returns to his brother's court; and *Francesca*, endeavoring to hide her now criminal love under a semblance of aversion, craves permission to retire from *Rimini* with her father. Accident discovers to the pair their concealed feelings towards each other; *Lanciotto*'s jealousy is awakened, and he arrests his brother, commanding his wife to prepare for her departure from the city. But *Paolo*, apprehensive for her safety, breaks from his guards, and seeks her presence for a last interview; and when *Lanciotto*, maddened by rage, rushes upon his brother with his drawn sword, bidding him defend his life, *Francesca* throws herself between them, and receives her husband's steel in her own breast. She expires, and *Paolo*, casting away his sword, resigns himself also to death.

There is much that is beautiful and touching in this play; both in the perfect guilelessness and loving nature of *Francesca*, and the noble devotedness of *Paolo*; but our limits will permit us to offer only a translation of one scene in the third act. This scene has been much praised and celebrated, and is certainly one of the most effective in the drama.

*Paolo.* Francesca!

*Francesca.* Heavens! who is't I see?  
Signor—what would you?

*Paolo.* But to speak with you.

*Francesca.* To speak with me! I am alone—alone  
Thou leav'st me—father! Father—where art thou?  
Help—help thy daughter! Give me power to fly!

*Paolo.* Whither?

*Francesca.* Signor—pursue me not; respect  
My will. Unto the altar I retreat;  
The wretched have most need of heaven.

*Paolo.* And I

With thee unto the household altar's foot  
Will also go. Who than myself more wretched?  
There mingled shall our sighs ascend. O, lady!  
Thou wilt implore my death—the death of him  
Whom thou abhorrest; I will pray that heaven  
May hear thy prayers, and all thy hate forgive,  
And shower down joys on thee, and long preserve  
Thy youth and loveliness, and give thee all  
Thy heart desires; all—all—thy husband's love  
And children blessed!

*Francesca.* Paolo! (hold, my heart!)  
Weep not. I do not wish your death.

*Paolo.* Yet—yet—

You hate me!

*Francesca.* And what reck you, if I ought  
To hate you? I disturb you not. To-morrow  
I shall be here no more. Be to your brother  
A kind and true companion: for my loss  
Console him; me he surely will lament.  
Ah me! of all in *Rimini*, he only  
Will weep when it is known to him. Now listen;  
Tell him not yet—but know, I never more  
Return to *Rimini*; sorrow will kill me.  
When he shall hear, my husband, these sad tidings,  
Console him; and you too, perhaps—for him  
May shed a tear.

*Paolo.* Francesca—and you ask  
What reck I, if you hate me! and me doth  
Your hate disturb not—nor your fatal words?  
Oh! lovely as an angel, by the Deity  
Created in the most impassioned moment  
Of heavenly love—dear, dear to every heart—  
A happy wife—and dar'st thou speak of death?  
To me such words belong, who for vain honors  
Was banished from my native country far,  
And lost—alas! a father then I lost.  
I hoped again to embrace him. He would never  
Have made me wretched, had he known my heart,  
But given me her—her whom I now have lost  
Forever.

*Francesca.* What mean you? Of your beloved  
You speak—and are you without her so wretched?  
So mighty then is love within your breast!  
Love should not reign sole sovereign in the hearts  
Of valiant cavaliers. Dear is to them  
The sword, and glory; such are noble passions.  
Follow them, thou, and let not love debase thee.

*Paolo.* What do I hear? hast thou compassion on me!  
And wouldst thou hate me less, if with the sword  
I should acquire a loftier fame? One word  
From thee suffices. Name the spot—the years;  
I will depart to earth's remotest shores;  
The harder and more perilous I find  
The enterprise, the sweeter will it be,  
Since thou, *Francesca*, dost impose the task.  
The love of fame and daring have indeed  
Made strong my arm; far stronger shall it be  
In thy adored name. Nor ever stained  
Shall be mine honors with a fierce ambition.  
No crown I covet, or will seek, save one  
Of laurel, twined by thee: enough for me  
Thy sole applause—a word—a smile—a look—

*Francesca.* Eternal God!

*Paolo.* I love thee! O, *Francesca*—  
I love thee! and most desperate is my love!

*Francesca.* What words are these? I rave! What  
hast thou said?

*Paolo.* I love thee!

*Francesca.* Dar'st thou—hold! To hear—thou lov'st  
me!



So sudden is thy passion! Know'st thou not  
I am thy brother's wife? Can'st thou so soon  
Forget thy lost beloved one? Ah me  
Wretched! Let go my hand—thy kisses here  
Are frenzy!

*Paolo.* This, this is no sudden passion!  
I lost my love—and thou art she! Of thee  
I spoke; for thee I wept: thee loved: thee ever  
I love—and to my latest hour will love!  
Ay, if for this, my madness, doomed to suffer  
Eternal chastisement beyond the grave,  
Eternally still more and more I'll love thee!

*Francesca.* Can this be true?

*Paolo.* The day that to Ravenna  
I went, ambassador from my father's court,  
I saw thee cross the vestibule, attended  
By a band of mourning females,—pause beside  
A recent sepulchre; in pious act  
Prostrate thyself, and thy joined hands to heaven  
Lift up, with silent interrupted tears.  
"Who is it?" I inquired of one. "The daughter  
Of Guido," he replied. "And whose the tomb?"  
"Her mother's tomb." Oh, in my inmost heart  
How felt I pity for that mourning daughter!  
How throbb'd my breast, confused! Thou wast veiled,  
Francesca, and thy eyes saw not that day;  
Yet from that day I loved thee.

*Francesca.* Thou—oh cease!  
Didst love me!

*Paolo.* For a time I hid my passion;  
Yet seem'd it one day thou hadst read my heart.  
Forth from thy chamber to the secret garden  
Thy steps were turned. And nigh the silver lake,  
Prone 'mong the flowers, with sighs I watched thy  
chamber,

And at thy coming, trembling rose. Intent  
Upon a book, thine eyes beheld me not;  
But on the book let fall a tear. I came  
In deep emotion nigh. Confused my words,  
Confused were also thine. That book, Francesca,  
Thou gav'st to me; we read—we read together  
"Of Lancillotto,\* how by love compelled;"  
Alone we were, and free from all suspicion.  
Our eyes then met; my face was crimsoned—thou  
Didst tremble—and in haste wast gone.

*Francesca.* That day—  
The book remained with thee.

*Paolo.* It rests upon  
My heart; it made me in my exile happy.  
Here 'tis; behold the page we read together.  
Behold! and mark the drop which fell that day  
From thy dear eyes.

*Francesca.* Away—I do conjure thee;  
Hence! no remembrance should I yet preserve,  
Save of a brother slain.

*Paolo.* Oh, then that blood  
I had not shed! O, fatal—fatal wars!  
That slaughter bow'd my soul to misery;  
I dar'd not ask thy hand; I went to Asia,  
To battle there. I hoped yet to return,  
To find thy wrath appeased—to obtain thy hand.  
Ah! to obtain thy hand, I do confess  
I nourish'd hope.

*Francesca.* Ah me! I pray thee—hence!  
My sorrow and my honor now respect!  
Oh for the strength by which I may resist!

*Paolo.* Thou clasp'st my hand! Joy! tell me, where—  
fore clasp  
My hand!

*Francesca.* Paolo!

*Paolo.* Dost thou hate me not?  
Dost thou not hate me?

*Francesca.* 'Tis right I should hate thee.

*Paolo.* Can'st thou?

*Francesca.* I cannot!

*Paolo.* O, repeat that word!  
Lady—thou hat'st me not!

*Francesca.* Too much I said.  
Cruel! is't not enough? Go—leave me!

*Paolo.* Nay—  
I leave thee not till thou hast told me all.

*Francesca.* Have I not said—I love thee! Ah! the  
words

Escaped my impious lips! I love thee—die  
For love of thee! I would die innocent;  
Have pity!

*Paolo.* Love me?—thou? My terrible  
Anguish thou seest. I am a desperate man;  
But the deep joy which thrills me in the midst  
Of my despair, is such great happiness  
I cannot utter it. Is it then true  
Thou lov'st me—and I lost thee?

*Francesca.* Thou thyself,  
Paolo, did'st forsake me; I could ne'er  
Think myself loved of thee. Go! be this hour  
The last—

*Paolo.* It is impossible. I cannot  
Leave thee. Let me behold at least thy face  
Each day.

*Francesca.* And thus betray us both; enkindle  
Injurious thoughts in Lanciotto's breast!  
And stain my name!—Paolo, if thou lov'st me,  
Away!

*Paolo.* Alas! irreparable fate!  
To stain thy name! No—thou'rt another's wife;  
Paolo must die! Tear from thy breast remembrance  
Of me—and live in peace. I have disturbed  
Thy peace; forgive me. No—no—do not weep;  
Love me no more. Alas! what do I ask?  
Love me! yes—weep o'er my untimely fate.

*Act III, Scene 2.*

This play has been long before the public; we will  
now examine some of Pellico's later pieces, which have  
never been translated into English, and but recently  
printed in Italy.

The three best of his new tragedies, *Gismonda da Mendrisio*, *Leoniero da Dertona*, and the *Herodiad*, have  
been published together in one volume. The scene of  
the first is laid at the period of the destruction of Milan  
by the forces of Frederick I, assisted by many of the  
Lombards, to whom that city had become odious. Ari-  
bert, son to the Count of Mendrisio, had been betrothed  
to Gismonda of Lodi, but afterwards becoming enamored  
of Gabriella, a lady of Milan, espoused her, and devoted  
himself to the cause of her countrymen. Having aided  
to destroy Lodi, he engages in the defence of Milan  
against the Emperor and his father's house; while his  
younger brother, who has married Gismonda, leads an  
army against the city. The piece opens with the ex-  
ultation of the victors over the conquest of Milan; but  
the rejoicing of the Count is embittered by the tidings  
that his eldest son has perished. Gismonda, whose  
desire of vengeance is satisfied at the account of his  
death, with difficulty suppresses her tears, and avows  
in a soliloquy her unextinguished love for the man who  
had deserted her, and wasted her country. Aribert,  
however, had escaped the slaughter of Milan, and ap-  
pears in the second act with his child and Gabriella in  
man's attire, before his father's gate, to implore forgive-  
ness and protection for his family. His wife meets  
Gismonda, and emboldened by the expression of sad-  
ness in her countenance, addresses her, without reveal-  
ing her real sex, and begs her mediation, but in vain.  
The Count unexpectedly comes forward and listens to  
her; encouraged by his parental tenderness, Aribert

\* It is conjectured that Arnaut Daniel, a Troubadour, was the  
author of the romance of Lancillotto.

throws himself at his feet, and is pardoned and restored to his former privileges. He prays Gismonda to forget what is past, and be a sister to him, to which she replied with concealed bitterness.

"Forgetful of the past? To me no harm  
Or outrage hast thou done, nor in thy power  
Is it to harm me. I could still be happy  
Whatever madness and whatever guile  
Drove thee to fight beneath Milan's proud standards,  
And to espouse a daughter of Milan.  
I hold me, Aribert, not wronged by thee,  
But rather bless the day that broke a bond  
Imposed in folly, and bestowed my hand  
Upon a loyal cavalier. In thee  
I hate my house's foe, Caesar's and God's."

Her subsequent maledictions and menaces betray to Aribert the true cause of her emotion, and teach him to anticipate the vengeance of a jealous and deserted woman. Herman, his younger brother, in fear of losing his inheritance, refuses a reconciliation with the fugitive, even at his father's command, loading him with reproaches which at length become mutual. They are interrupted in one of their disputes by the sound of a trumpet, and discover from the window a band of Suabians who had been invited thither by Herman, and come under the direction of the Margrave of Auburg, to demand, in the Emperor's name, the rebel son of the Count. The old man refuses compliance with this requisition, taking on himself the consequences of disobedience; and Herman afterwards reveals to his wife the league he had formed with the imperial troops for the destruction of his brother. The ensuing scenes show the unfortunate lady under the dominion of conflicting passions; now fired with rage, now agitated by fear, now melting with tenderness. Gabriella, leading her child, supplicates her aid against the dangers that threaten her husband, but is repulsed with hatred and anguish. The wretched Gismonda, however, afterwards discovers to the Count in the presence of his eldest son, the treachery that surrounds them, herself assuming the blame; informs them that the keys of a subterranean passage leading from a wood to the castle were consigned by her to the enemy. Their vehement reproaches cannot increase her mental agony. Soon afterwards, the alarm is given, and the news brought that the subterranean passage is already invaded. The fifth act introduces us into the midst of the battle, which takes place within the palace. The Count, disarmed and wounded, is vainly endeavoring to hold back Herman from the scene of conflict. Gabriella with her son rushes in, followed by the Margrave, who snatches the child from her arms. Gismonda rescues and restores the infant to his mother, but repels her thanks as insults. The shouts of victory at length are heard from the adherents of the Count; Aribert is saved by Gabriella from the lance of an enemy, and enters triumphant, finding his brother wounded and sustained by the Count. Herman acquits his brother of evil design against him, and confesses himself the traitor who had admitted the hostile troops, vindicating Gismonda from any share of the blame. He dies, and his unhappy wife retires into a convent.

The scene of *Leoniero da Dertona* is in the twelfth century. The inhabitants of Dertona, a city which had joined the celebrated Lombard league against the Emperor Frederick, are divided into two factions; one,

headed by Arrigo, tribune of the people, taking part with the allies; the other adhering to the cause of the Imperialists. The first party hold a fortress upon the rock, in those times a post of great strength and importance. The consul Enzo, leader of the Imperialists, had given his sister Eloisa in marriage to Arrigo, to induce him to desert his cause; that failing, had treacherously possessed himself of the person of the tribune, threatening to kill him if the fortress were not surrendered. At this crisis, Leoniero, father of Enzo, returns from the East, where he had gone as a soldier in his youth, and suffered long imprisonment. A feud has long existed between his family and that of Auberto, the father of Arrigo; but Leoniero, being informed of the conduct of his son, censures highly his breach of faith towards his brother-in-law, and his treason to his country. Yet he cannot so far forget his private resentment as to declare himself the friend of Auberto, though such a course would have at once subdued the strength of the opposing faction, so dear is Leoniero to his countrymen. He remains neutral for a time, and Enzo meanwhile works upon the fears of Eloisa, who endeavors to prevail on her imprisoned husband to write a letter commanding the surrender of the fortress. Neither entreaties nor threats can move the stern virtue of the tribune, and his father is confirmed in his resolution to maintain his trust by the arrival of a messenger from Milan, who discovers the treacherous alliance of Enzo with the Imperial troops, and promises succor from the Milanese in a few days. Enzo then attempts to possess himself by force of the person of his father, who, finally dismissing his long cherished enmity, takes refuge in the castle with his ancient foe, and is received with open arms. His son sends hostages to induce him to return; and Leoniero, hoping that his paternal counsels may reclaim the traitor, goes, at the advice of Auberto and others, though distrusting his professions of penitence. Arrived at his son's palace, he finds himself unexpectedly a prisoner, forbidden to see or speak with any but his guards. The fifth act opens with an imposing scene. Upon the walls of the castle are discovered Auberto and his faithful soldiers, the friends of liberty. The plain beyond is filled with Suabian troops, mingled with the Dertonese. In the foreground stands the consul with other magistrates, and the Count of Spielberg, who in the Emperor's name declares Enzo governor of Dertona, and imposes on all its citizens obedience to him. Enzo kneels to do homage to the viceroy of his master for his newly acquired domain, and receives a sword from the Count. The senators and his troops swear fealty to him, and he then addresses Auberto in behalf of Arrigo, who stands bound on one side, offering life to the son on condition of the father's obedience. We will translate the remainder of the act.

*Enzo (to Auberto.)* A last and brief delay  
I now accord to thee; but ere the bell  
Sounds its first stroke to tell the coming hour,  
Pronounce his life or death. *(to executioner)* At the first  
stroke,  
Mark me, his head must fall!  
*Auberto.* Enzo, a duty  
Inviolable as the icy grave,  
Binds me this fortress to maintain, until  
The standard of Milan shall join our troops.  
For that which is not granted to my will,  
Oh! punish not the innocent! These prayers  
Are poured, ah, not in coward fear! And wherefore



To deeds of useless cruelty descend?  
What may avail his slaughter? In all breasts  
An hundred fold will wrath be wrought against thee.  
Thou rendest Eloisa's heart—bethink thee,  
She is thy sister! From thy noble father,  
From Leoniero, at his hour of death,  
Thus stained with fratricide, thou wilt in vain  
Implore his blessing for thyself, thy children.

*Arrigo.* Cease, father, cease! Thy sorrow may infect  
The heroes round thee; they have need of strength.

*Auberto.* Alas, I am a father! Since my duty  
I do not violate, these tears are lawful.  
If thou inexorable dost demand  
A victim, give, O give back to his children  
Arrigo—take my head!

*Arrigo.* No—never!

*Auberto.* Enzo!

*Enzo.* Immutable my sentence: wo if thou  
Thus hear'st the next hour sound! He falls—his fall  
The signal for the assault.—Ha! in such haste  
Uggero!

*Uggero.* My lord, your father hath besought me  
With words of agony that would have moved  
Yourself!—Within the tower, near to Arrigo  
He was, with Eloisa, when thy order  
Summoned the guilty hither. Fear unspeakable  
Seized Leoniero; to the battlements  
He mounted; thence beheld the axe that menaced  
The generous youth. His daughter's shrieks subdued  
The old man's heart: He wept, and trembling cried  
"Hence, hence, unto my son—crave his permission  
That I speak to Auberto; I alone  
Somewhat can proffer, shall secure the safety  
Of all."

*Enzo.* What would he say? Can he prevail  
On the besieged to yield? What fear I?—He  
Vanquished by terror; dare I thus believe?  
Let him approach—and be a guard about him;  
Tremble, if to the people he escape,  
(to the Count) Is it not noble victory, to my power  
E'en he should bend his pride? But whence the tumult  
In yonder castle?

(soldiers on the walls drag forward Enzo's hostages)

*Soldiers.* Death—death!

*Hostages.* To thy presence,  
Enzo, by hostile fury we are dragged.

*Auberto.* Since vain my prayer has been for a son's life,  
Enzo, behold thy friends!

*Soldiers.* Life, liberty  
Give to the Tribune, or your hostages  
We slay!

*One of the Hostages.* Have pity! say what crime to-  
ward thee

Have we committed, that to such a fate  
We are betrayed! Ubaldo, Berengario  
Had written to thee—yes!

*Enzo.* Who are my friends,  
Who traitors, I discern not. This, Corrado,  
Is this thy faith? Thus hath thy kinsman opened  
The gates?—Hear me, Auberto—hope yet lives.  
Cæsar's decree, which gives me the dominion  
Of this Dertona, consecrates my power  
In Leoniero's eyes. Hither he comes.  
Him ye shall hear, and if with him the oath  
Of stern resistance binds you, be that oath  
By him absolved.

*Auberto.* Unworthy calumny!  
Leoniero—Ha! he comes. Can it be so?  
His face, so wan indeed, and mien deject  
Bespeak him changed.

*Ghielmo.* Auberto, no! High thoughts  
He sure revolves!

#### SCENE IV.

To them enter Leoniero and Eloisa.

*Auberto.* O ancient hero! Where  
Where is thy courage? Why do I behold thee  
Thus moved? Hast thou forgot our late embrace,

The embrace of noble love?

*Eloisa.* Beloved husband,  
Our father promised safety.

*Arrigo.* Leoniero!

Is this the virtue, armed in which, but now  
Thou talked'st to me of death, and didst inspire me  
With thoughts sublime? Behold me, still the same  
In these last moments. Be, old man, like me!  
By one unworthy act, oh! cancel not  
The blameless deeds of a long life!

*Leoniero.* Enzo!

Dost thou not homage to such minds? My son,  
Pity thy sire! I long once more to bless thee.  
A sorrowful hate is that which toward a son  
A father bears in such an hour! This weight  
I can endure no longer. I would love thee,  
But cannot love thee, if thou wilt not turn  
From wickedness like this.

*Enzo.* Sire, to Auberto  
Address thy speech.

*Leoniero.* Pity thyself: my soul  
Prophetic in the future reads for thee  
A fearful fate; nor is that future distant.  
Now deprecate the wrath of Heaven. Its mandate  
Is, "let Arrigo live!"—For this thy God  
Shall pardon many crimes; thou in the arms  
Of friends and of thy children, in old age  
Consoled shalt die; nor shall the daily sun  
Look on thy bones exhumed by the revenge  
Of a wronged people. History shall say  
How knelt a father at thy feet, and prayed  
For power once more to bless thee!

*Enzo.* Cease. Auberto,  
Open those gates to me, or the first sound  
Of the approaching hour—— (bell sounds)

*Voices.* Ha!

*Enzo.* Sounds his knell!

*Leoniero.* Enzo! Have pity! 'Tis in vain! Oh Heaven,  
This fearful strait! Lo! 'twixt opposing duties  
The chief I am constrained to choose. The just  
I cannot save without it. Hear, Auberto,  
Arrigo, hear, and all ye who refuse  
To the new lord obedience!

*Auberto and others.* Obedience  
Unto the laws, the church, our honor!

*Leoniero.* Listen,  
Brave warriors! With unmerited disdain  
Ye saw Leoniero's grief. He now, impelled  
By patriot love—by love for you—since need  
There is of noble sacrifice—conjures you  
To be like him—in courage! (stabs his son.)

*Auberto.* Ah—that blow——

*Enzo.* I die!

*Eloisa.* Oh! Father—brother!

*Count.* Treason—Ho!

The murderer—cut him down!

*Leoniero.* Dertona's saved!

Come hence—ye heroes—come! The people all  
Will arm them at your cry!

*Followers of Enzo.* We're Dertonese!  
Defend, defend Leoniero!

*Arrigo.* Struck to earth  
Behold the leader of our foes! Already  
His squadrons fly!

*Soldiers (from the castle.)* Victory!

*Auberto. (rushing forward)* My son—thou here!  
I clasp thee once again! Where is the hero,  
Thy Saviour? Leoniero—where art thou!

*Eloisa.* O, friends! behold my father!

*Auberto and Arrigo.* Ah—unhappy!

*Leoniero.* Fled is the foe—my country saved—and I—  
I have done all I could! This blood—the blood  
Of a monster—but that monster was my son!  
I slew him—and I weep—and cannot hate him!

*Auberto.* O virtue!

*Leoniero.* If thou once didst hate, Auberto,  
Pardon—for heaven hath punished. Eloisa—  
Arrigo—I do bless ye in my death,

You and your children. But if one of them  
Should e'er become a traitor--Lo--Arrigo,  
This steel--

*Eloisa.* He dies!

*Arrigo.* O noble, lofty spirit!  
With dread and reverence o'erpowered, thou leav'st us!  
There is none on the earth can equal thee!

Though the incidents of this piece are chiefly of a political nature, interest is excited for the feelings of Eloisa and the father. But the sacrifice he makes in immolating his son, if it does not revolt us, is hardly fit for exhibition when the scene is laid in an age so nearly resembling our own in the influence of religion and public sentiment. The slaughter of a son by a Roman parent for the good of his country may compel our admiration; but such outrages upon nature are more fit to be marvelled at in history than used for the purposes of tragedy. The same objection does not apply to the catastrophe of *Esther d'Engaddi*, another of Pellico's dramas, though it is even more harrowing to the feelings; her despair is perfectly natural, when hopeless of vindicating herself by other means, she drinks of the poisoned cup proposed as a test of her innocence.

The *Herodias* contains much finer poetry and more pathos than the preceding tragedies; much has been made of an apparently unpromising subject. The character of Herodias is one of those mixtures of good and ill, the one principle perpetually struggling with and overpowering the other, which are so well adapted to the purposes of the drama; with a powerful mind, disposed to virtue by the influence of early habits, she is under the dominion of a haughty and ambitious temper, excited by her absorbing passion for Herod, who possesses not half her strength of intellect. Zephora, the rightful spouse of the king, had been driven from the court to make room for her rival, who had also abandoned her own husband. Herodias, influenced by the remonstrances of John the Baptist, and the persuasions of the virtuous Anna, her friend and confidant, who had become a convert to christianity, is at one time induced to leave the court of Herod; and the queen Zephora, who comes to render herself a hostage for the security of Herod against her native tribes, is received by the king. Herodias, however, who had been insulted by the populace on quitting the palace, soon returns to dispute her place with Zephora, and at length, wrought to madness by jealousy and rage, stabs the unhappy queen, ordering one of the guards to conceal the body. She is now quite abandoned to the dominion of her passions, which hurry her to destruction. The conflict of emotions in her breast is evident throughout the play, yet it is skilfully managed. In the festival scene, where her daughter dances before the king, and pleases him so that he engages to grant whatever she shall ask, even to the half of his kingdom--the wretched queen is tortured by contending passions, which are inexplicable to the mind of Herod. She now craves music; now drives the singers from her presence with maniac execrations. With the Prophet her madness for a time is quelled; she submits to reproof from his lips, and condescends to vindicate herself. The following reply to his remonstrance against her desertion of her lawful husband, is characteristic.

*Herodias.* Patience 'mid insults had I not? Who then  
Shall dare to say to me--"Thou should'st have urged

Thy virtue further!" Is there one can measure  
His virtue for another, and declare  
It might have been extended--where it ceased?  
Is frail man infinite? The weary pilgrim,  
If--crossed innumerable steep--at length to earth  
Prostrate he fall--brand ye his name with sloth?  
When his breath fails, say ye--"Yet other rocks  
Before thee hang!" With patience did I suffer!  
Endured the horrid chain--how long endured!  
And when at last within my bosom rose  
In all its sovereign and terrific power,  
HATE--and a desperate burning thirst impelled me  
To avenge my wrongs--with steel--if I gave not  
The blow, but rather chose to fly--was mine  
No virtue?--I alone know that it was!  
I--conscious of the ills endured--and conscious  
Of the bold heart God gave me!

*John.* On bold hearts  
Hard trials God imposes--and on thee  
It was imposed--

*Herodias.* To die in shame!

*John.* Far better  
Than live in guilt.

*Herodias.* Audacious! bold!

*John.* What right  
Hast thou, O woman, from the innocent wife  
To steal her spouse? Thou lov'st him; is this right  
Enough? The robber loves his prey--doth God  
Absolve the robber? To the traitor dear  
His perfidy--and slaughter to the murderer;  
Are slaughter then, and treachery no crime?  
A strong heart is within thee. Thou hast sinned.  
Exert the strength then which the weak possess not;  
Regain the upright path whence thou hast fallen.

After the murder of Zephora, tortured by the upbraiding of a guilty conscience, the queen sends again for the Prophet, to implore peace at his hands, though she is unwilling quite to renounce her sins; he on his part, thunders forth no maledictions upon her head; even his rebuke breathes the mild spirit of the religion of love. When she confesses the deed to which her fury has impelled her, he involuntarily utters an exclamation of abhorrence.

*John.* Monster!

*Herodias.* 'Tis not for thee  
To show to me the monster that I am:  
Better than thou, I know it. I but ask  
Is there a bound, which passed, excludes the wretch  
From God's forgiveness? Must I, desperate,  
Curse heaven, and to the murders caused by me,  
Add thine, and others--or, my rival dead.  
If I now pause from blood, now reverence thee  
And all the just--henceforth with never ceasing  
And blameless deeds wipe out the horrors past--  
Turn all a burning spirit's energies  
To work the glory of my king--my people--  
My God,--will this God, to compassion moved,  
Moved by his servant's prayers--thy prayers--a veil  
Cast o'er my sin, and bless the last endeavors  
Of one who would be pious, but in vain  
Struggled against opposing evil nature?

*John.* There is indeed a bound, which past, excludes  
From God's forgiveness. But Zephora's slaughter  
It is not--nor what'er we can imagine  
Of murder yet more horrible. The limit  
That shuts eternally God's pardon out,  
Is--to renounce repentance.

*Herodias.* And I  
Renounce it not. Console me; oh extinguish  
In me this fierce remorse--this hate of all  
The universe--myself!

*John.* Amend.

*Herodias.* That word.

*John.* Amend.

*Herodias.* I will.



*John.* Remove thee from the palace;  
The King.

*Herodias.* Such separation but Zephora  
Could ask. And now, whate'er my crime has been  
In slaying her—Zephora is no more.  
None can now say to me, "Herod is mine!"  
Is the Omnipotent a wrathful being  
Who claims vain sacrifices, abject baseness,  
And barbarous abandonment of all  
The heart holds dear?

*John.* Thou hypocrite! the peace  
Of holiness thou would'st attain and joy thee  
Still in the fruits of sin.

*Herodias*

I ———

*John.* Peace I offer—  
But hence hypocrisy—a heart's deceit  
That hopes to hide itself from God, and form  
An impious league 'twixt penitence and guilt,  
A league impossible! The wicked, whom  
His deeds of evil prosper still is wicked  
If such prosperity he doth not spurn;  
In his returning nobleness abhorring  
The good which God gave not. I say to thee,  
That throned at Herod's side, even as before,  
Thou still would'st feed on pride, and evil passions,  
On hatred and revenge. God's high decree  
Is not capricious; this is man's own nature:  
Necessity immutable. Amendment  
There is not for the guilty, if he yet  
Reject not of his infamy the fruit!

*Herodias.* No reformation is there—none—for me!  
Now know I all. Expect the axe!—He goes  
Tranquil to death—and I who slay him—tremble!

Herodias then instructs her daughter to claim as her  
promised boon from the King, the head of John. Herod  
grants it reluctantly, but would stipulate for the safety  
of Zephora; and is horror struck at the story of her  
death. Then comes the punishment. The daughter  
of Herodias is struck dead in her mother's arms, who  
reproaches the King as the cause of her crimes and  
misfortunes.

*Herod.* Remove her from the cruel sight.

*Herodias.* Back! thine

Is yet more horrible than death. Accursed  
The infamous love which bound us once! Thou, thou  
Hast on my head heaped up the fearful wrath  
Of the Most High; hast torn from me my child,  
My innocent child, whose only guilt it was  
That I have been her mother. Who impelled me  
Into such crimes? Who led me to condemn  
The Eternal? Who inspired the secret hope  
That earth and heaven contained no God? Ah me  
Deluded! it was he!

*Herod.*

Ah ———

*Herodias.* Wretch! was't not  
Thy part to curb my madness—guard the lives  
Of John and of Zephora?—to repentance  
Invite, compel me?—and to sooner rend  
A thousand times my heart, than immolate  
All innocence—all justice!

*Herod.*

I ———

*Herodias.* The Book  
Of Life I see displayed! Lo! with the blood  
Of John and of Zephora God blots out  
Eternally my name—and yet another—  
The name of Herod!

*Herod.* This is terror—frenzy!  
Alas! with her own desperate hands she tears  
Her streaming hair! Help! help!

*Herodias.* Herod! our names  
The finger of the Lord hath blotted out!

Thus ends this tragedy; which in energy and cha-  
racter is not inferior to the best of our author's compo-  
sitions. The chief personage bears some resemblance  
to the Saul of Alfieri, and has, like him, the ingredients

of a character adapted to the romantic school. The  
last dramatic production from the pen of Silvio Pellico  
which has reached this country is *Thomas More*, of  
which we have left ourselves but brief space to speak.  
It is almost, if not altogether, a failure. The represen-  
tation of the historical personages of the Court of Henry  
VIII. in a piece in which not the slightest local or na-  
tional coloring is preserved, has a singularly feeble  
effect on minds familiar with the graphic power of the  
English dramatists. With this association the scenes  
are unusually bald and desolate; the characters, which  
might have been Italians or Greeks for ought appearing  
to the contrary, save in their names, (and those have a  
Tuscan twist,) walk through the chill desert of their  
parts with more than classic monotony. Not that we  
believe Pellico could have succeeded, even had he at-  
tempted the task, in exhibiting a faithful picture of the  
manners of that court and those times, or in painting  
English character; we simply regard it as unfortunate  
that he should ever have thought of writing a drama on  
a subject in our history. Alfieri's *Maria Stuarda* ought  
to have been a warning to deter him from such an ef-  
fort. The chief business of the piece in question is to  
exhibit the integrity and virtue of More, the fallen  
Chancellor, and victim of tyranny, through trials and  
persecutions. These, of course, avail nothing to turn  
him from the path of duty; and the reader, foreseeing  
from the beginning the certain catastrophe, is conducted  
by slow steps through the play, as through a long  
avenue of cypresses terminating with a scaffold. An  
effort is indeed made, in the last Act, to divert attention  
by exciting hopes of a deliverance, but it is feebly  
effected. The historical answer of More to his enemies  
is preserved; "As St. Paul, who took part in the murder  
of Stephen, is with the martyr in heaven, so may you, my  
judges, and I, be saved alike in the mercy of the Lord."

Pellico does not want energy, but he lacks that con-  
centration of sentiment and passion which is one of the  
greatest merits in dramatic poetry. His style is two  
diffuse; his eloquence, though graceful, often devoid of  
boldness and vehemence. No striking imagery is to  
be found in his pages, though such is the genuine and  
universal language of emotion. He never labors to  
produce effect by a single sentence. Yet he excels his  
contemporaries and most of his predecessors in the de-  
lineation of feeling, and in the interest imparted to his  
dramas; especially in the expression of tender emo-  
tions. All with him is unaffected and simple; and his  
faults are rather deficiencies than offences against na-  
ture and taste. Had he studied to give a local interest  
to his pieces, and appreciated the advantages of a  
knowledge of the scene and times, his success might  
have been unbounded. Man may be man when stripped  
of costume, but he is not man as we know him and as he  
moves in the world; nor is any thing gained by remov-  
ing from our view those external circumstances which  
so universally influence his character and actions.

Sir John Hill, who passed for the translator of Swam-  
merdam's work on insects, understood not a word of  
Dutch. He was to receive 50 guineas for the transla-  
tion, and bargained with another translator for 25—this  
other being in a like predicament paid a third person  
12 pounds for the job.

## MONODY

On the Death of Mrs. Susan G. Blanchard, wife of Lieut. A. G. Blanchard, of the United States Army, and only Sister of the Author.

Sister! they've laid thee in the silent earth!  
 Thy spirit's free!  
 And many suns have set upon thy grave—  
 Unknown to me!  
 I was not there—to catch thy parting breath!  
 When thou didst die—  
 Yet Sister! I shall weep, till grief will dim  
 Thy Brother's eye!  
 Mem'ry shall haunt thee! wheresoe'er I go—  
 Breaking my heart!  
 And thy pure sainted image shall be mine  
 Till life depart!  
 I would my weary spirit were with thine  
 Triumphant borne—  
 For Susan! I shall cling to life, no more—  
 Now thou art gone!  
 Perchance that angel spirit hovers nigh  
 This lonely-spot!  
 And on the wintry air whispers—that I  
 Am not forgot!  
 Weeping, I grasp at this ephem'ral dream,  
 Though vain it be!  
 And dedicate my breaking heart, oh Grief!  
 Through life, to thee!

## A CONTRAST,

BY PAULINA.

It was a calm autumnal evening. The late bright green that had clothed the forests, had given place to a rich and almost endless variety of colors. In other lands the fairy pencillings of fancy may have pictured beauties like these, but in our own American woods there is a charm art and genius may strive in vain to imitate or describe. And who is it that can gaze on such a scene without a soft, delicious melancholy? It has a voice to the contemplative mind impressive yet sweet. The rustling of the fallen leaves—the murmur of the breeze through the thinly clad boughs—the gay and almost magic hues of the richly variegated foliage—more lovely as it approaches more nearly to its fall—all conspire to still the troubled passions of the mind—to elevate the spirit above the transitory things of time, and remind us of the solemn truth, that all the beauties and pleasures of this world are fleeting as the summer flower—transient as the splendor of an autumn wood. Ten years had passed since last I stood beneath the lofty oaks that cast their shade over the silent sepulchres of the dead. Tired of the greetings of friends and gaze of strangers, I sought the spot where rested the ashes of those that once had been among the friends of my youth.

I strolled from tomb to tomb, and sought on the pages of memory the history of many I had once known and loved, but often did I inquire of my companion, to gather more fully the recollection which time had partially obscured. At length a simple, yet elegant tomb attracted my attention. Near it stood one of an impos-

ing appearance, in which art and munificence seemed to have exerted their skill, to make it tower above the rest. On the first was this simple, but affecting inscription—

SACRED

To the memory of

MATILDA WILLIAMS.

On living tablets of the heart,  
 Her virtues are engraved;  
 Then seek not on the works of art,  
 The record of her praise.

It bore no dates, but was evidently recently erected. The name I did not recognize, but the tender, unpretending inscription, sensibly touched my heart, and I felt a strong desire to know the history of her whose virtues needed no external record. My friend read my feelings, and immediately drew my attention to the next tomb-stone. It bore a long list of lineage, beauty, amiability, &c. &c. and as I read the long and beautiful detail, I almost questioned the justice of Omnipotence in thus snatching, in early life, from mortal gaze, so pure, so beautiful a pattern of every female grace and excellence. "Only twenty-four," I exclaimed, "and yet so highly exalted, so much beloved." My friend smiled archly and remarked, "Have you seen so much of the world and not yet learned that real merit rarely has loud trumpeters?" Her manner surprised me, and I inquired the meaning. It is too late now, said she, to enter into the narrative about which you feel so much interested; to-morrow I will relate the history of both these women, whose tombs are not more strikingly different than were their lives and characters. United in life by a strange destiny, or rather by strange circumstances, it is fit that their last dwellings should be near each other, and that their monuments, like their characters, should stand forth in striking contrast.

\* \* \*

Matilda Clayton was the only daughter of the poor widow who removed to this village a short time before you left here, and who for years has taught the village school.

Perhaps you remember the interest her coming gave to all the lovers of mystery in our circle. She was dressed in black. Her child was about twelve or fourteen; beautiful as a fairy, and seemingly a visitor from some ethereal sphere—so delicate, so gentle was her every glance and movement. They brought with them an elegant harp and guitar, and two richly painted portraits. Of their characters or former home, nothing could be gathered. She rented that house which you see among those lofty oaks, and furnished it in a style of neat simplicity and taste. Soon after she came, she issued proposals for a school, but few at first seemed disposed to patronize her; and though curiosity was strongly manifested to know who and what she was, all that could be gathered was the assertion that she was the widow of an officer, whose untimely death had left her friendless, and induced her, to seek among strangers, a home and support. Months passed by, and her correct deportment—the pure elegance of her manners, and her various accomplishments, gained her the good-will and confidence of some of the leading characters in the village, by whose influence a considerable number of scholars was soon procured. Among her friends and patrons was Mr. Wilton; and his daughter Clara, then



about the age of Matilda, was the first committed to her care.

Soon did the widow and her daughter engage the affections of the scholars, and a great intimacy took place between Matilda and Clara. The Wiltons were wealthy, and their influence great; yet, notwithstanding their efforts to induce Mrs. Clayton to mingle with society, she and Matilda remained secluded from all the gaieties and pleasures of the village. Often did their acquaintances stroll to the cottage to listen to their sweet voices as they sung to their instruments; and never shall I forget the tender tears I shed as I stood one moonlight evening near the lattice, and heard the widow play and sing these touching lines:

How hard it is with calmness to survey,  
The scenes which memory bringeth to my view;  
I fain would drive its spectre forms away,  
And think ideal, what I know is true.  
She brings back scenes of bliss beyond compare,  
Recalls the joys which are forever fled—  
I bathe their memory with my bitter tears,  
And leave this spot to weep around the dead.  
I gaze on thee, my own, my darling child—  
I see "thy father's softened image there;"  
And oh! my tears arise to check thy smile,  
And bid thee share thy widow'd mother's care.  
I've asked not pity, for too cold's this world  
To share the sorrows of the suffering poor;  
From wealth's high summit, when the wretch is hurled,  
Alone they're left their misery to deplore:  
But conscious virtue will our solace be—  
Perhaps we yet some feeling hearts may find;  
While sweet's the task to teach and succor thee,  
My own Matilda, my dear orphan child;  
And to our God our evening hymn we'll raise,  
For He did hear, when in our wo we cried;  
The widow's spouse—the orphan's friend we'll praise,  
And dry our tears in hopes of bliss on high.

Even now I almost fancy I can hear her sweet tremulous voice, as it rose on the silent evening breeze, and still I seem to gaze on that lovely, though pallid face, as with tearful uplifted eye she sang those last lines of tender heart-touching piety and faith. But I have wandered from my narrative. Years rolled by, and still the widow's school increased, and with it love and respect for her and her daughter. Clara Wilton had been the constant companion of the latter for near three years, and her proficiency in both solid and ornamental branches of education should have satisfied even her ambitious parents. But the fashionable error that a young lady's education could never be completed at home, had found its way here, and Clara, with others, was removed from Mrs. Clayton's maternal care, to mix with strangers, careless of their principles, and uninterested in their happiness.

You, who have known the course pursued in fashionable boarding schools—you who have seen the disappointed hopes—the perverted minds—the corrupted hearts which have been the result of injudicious plans of education, will not wonder when I tell you that the artless, affectionate Clara returned home, after two years *polish*, an altered, a sadly altered being. Matilda was now assisting her mother in the duties of the school-room. That budding beauty which in childhood charmed, was mellowed, refined, by the graces and dignity of the woman. That quiet spirit, whose benign influence had been felt by so many in the morning of life, now shed its purifying influence in a more extended circle.

Matilda was admired—beloved. Many sought her society—she treated all with that amiable politeness which springs from a pure heart: but few could gain her confidence or tempt her from that deep retirement she had learned to love.

Clara still loved Matilda. Though fashion, folly, show and pleasure had filled her mind, still she often left the bustle of gay life, to spend an hour in that quiet, lovely spot, where she had spent her happiest days. Often did she strive to enlist Matilda under the banners of her leading pleasures, but she strove in vain. When crossed or afflicted at any real or imaginary loss, she told her the troubles that annoyed her; and often did Matilda point out the transitory nature of her favorite joys, and point her unsatisfied heart to the only fountain of perfect bliss.

Clara had many admirers, and frequently had the cottage been visited in her evening rambles by her and her friends, to listen to the elegant performance of its inmates, while Clara often joined the concert with her own clear and highly cultivated voice.

Among the number who had thus become known to Matilda, was James Williams, long an ardent admirer and evident favorite of Miss Wilton's.

Long had he solicited her hand, but she would not decide his fate. Almost constantly with her, he had imagined her necessary to his happiness, and so long had been kept in a feverish excitement of love, and hope, and doubt, that he scarcely cared to have his case permanently fixed. Believing himself beloved, he rather enjoyed than disliked her frequent changes of deportment towards him, and had not yet learned that there was a deep and holy feeling meant by love, that he had never yet enjoyed.

But he saw Matilda. Again and again he repaired to the cottage, and ere he knew that he was in danger, he found himself completely enslaved by the artless, lovely manners, and rich and highly cultivated mind of her who never thought of conquest. But he was shackled, and how to break his bonds he knew not. Only one means presented itself, and that was to urge Clara to a decided and immediate step relative to him. She, unsuspecting his motive, and believing his happiness in her power, rejected him, vainly expecting to hear renewed declarations of affection, and to witness a sorrow and despair which she would, ere long, turn into hope and gladness.

But, like the captive bird, who after weeks of imprisonment finds the door of his cage unbarred, he exulted in his newly gained liberty, and with delightful speed burst asunder every tie that bound him to his captor, and sought again those joys which he had feared were lost to him forever. Clara loved him, if the heart of a gay unthinking girl could love. Little had she dreamed that in the lowly Matilda she could find a rival, and that too, in the only heart whose worship she had ever really valued. But in his speaking countenance she read that her rejection gave no pain, nor was she long in discovering the cause of his alienated affections. Clara was now awoke from more sleeps than one—she had awoke from confidence in love, to prove that she had been bewildered with an *ignis fatuus*; her feelings of resentment, envy and revenge, which had slumbered so long, were now aroused and glowed with the intensity of a long smothered flame.

When she first left her native village, she was a stranger to the vices so prevalent among the young in modern times. But easy is the task to imbibe wrong sentiments—to learn that revenge is noble—that the end justifies the means, and that she who can best dissemble, most secretly effect her purposes, is most praiseworthy and admired.

Her feelings naturally ardent, needed but an exciting cause to call into active exercise some of the most uncontrollable, and unamiable passions. Clara might have made, with proper government when young, an excellent woman. But no early discipline had prepared her for usefulness and happiness. An only daughter, the heiress of a large estate and honorable name, and possessed of many personal graces—she had known no restraints—met with no crosses to her inclinations, and had been taught, by precept and example, that admiration, conquest, dress and fashion, were the objects at which she should tend—the summit of her ambition. Mrs. Clayton had endeavored to instil good principles in all her pupils' minds; but what can the lessons of the school-room effect, when the family circle extinguishes all the good feelings produced during a few hours instruction? Self-love was Clara's idol—self-love, alas! is too often the destroyer of its worshipper.

Williams soon became an open admirer of Miss Clayton. Gifted with talents, fortune, and a person of uncommon elegance, his mind well stored with literature, and his heart, though uninfluenced by solid piety, yet feelingly alive to many noble and brilliant virtues, he was formed to love with all the deep fervor of a virtuous soul, and formed to be beloved by one who could appreciate his character. No sooner did Williams declare himself the friend and equal of Miss Clayton, than the line of demarkation which had been drawn by the proud and rich gave way, and it soon became quite as fashionable to admire the gentle Matilda, as it had been to pay homage to her wealthier cotemporaries.

Nor did Williams alone desert Miss Wilton's ranks. Among her former suitors was a young man of dissipated character, but polished manners, who would, no doubt, have been a successful competitor for her hand, had not Williams appeared upon the stage. Between these two, no good feelings existed; and no sooner did Dudley discover his attachment to Matilda, than he determined to oppose him. For some months no event occurred worth recital. Rumor declared Williams the future husband of Matilda; while Dudley, tired of his new flame, again returned to flatter the beautiful Clara.

It was evident that she was not happy, and also that the desertion of Williams was a source of real mortification; yet still her fondness for her rival continued, and she even seemed more devoted than ever to the society of her friend. Matilda loved her, and fondly imagined that she was likewise beloved. But the time for her marriage drew near. Clara possessed her confidence, and apparently enjoyed the approaching good fortune of her friend. At this juncture, business called Williams unexpectedly from the state. With a beating heart he bid adieu to his betrothed, promising to write every post, and extorting from her a like favor. One letter only was received from him, and that was cold and brief. Added to this, she was told that his departure was a finesse to avoid the fulfilment of

his engagement—that he had spoken disrespectfully of her, and that she need not expect any farther tidings from him. But Matilda believed it not. She wrote. In a short time her letter was returned unopened. Still she could not believe him false. A month rolled by—a month of anguish, of suspense—but nothing farther was heard from him.

During this time Williams had received letters from his friends advising him to return no more—that Matilda had deceived him—that her conduct was improper in the extreme—that the story of her mother's widowhood was an artful tale, invented to conceal the ignominious birth of her daughter, and that they were proved to be exiles from home, forced off by the resentment of their family. He, too, received a letter from Matilda, requesting to be exonerated from her vows, alleging a former attachment as the cause, which she declared herself unable to overcome. Nor did it end here. Dudley and Clara had so managed that the minds of the public should be prepared for the event of Williams' desertion; and the unhappy girl soon found that not only had her lover fled, but with him her character, and of course her peace. At Williams' request their school had been dismissed, and thus were they left, with sullied fame, and without the means of future support. In vain did they endeavor to investigate the matter. No one stepped forward to assist them, save some who lacked the ability to succor those whom they believed innocent. Two years passed by, and found their situation deplorable indeed. A deep melancholy had seized the widow's mind; their efforts to re-assume their former office failed, and they were poor, friendless and afflicted. Matilda bore it with becoming dignity—all that industry and prudence could effect was done—but the rose was fled from her cheek, and the smile of peace was gone. Only by the bed side of the poor and dying, or afflicted, and within the walls of the house of God, did she venture to stray. But the influence of virtue will sooner or later be felt. Public sentiment cannot long remain stationary, and a reaction seemed gradually taking place in the Claytons' favor. Again they requested to be patronised, and a few persons resolved again to try them. The fever of excitement was passed, and the minds of the community, as they grew more calm, began to look more closely into the nature of the case; and many now wondered that they had been so credulous as to believe what was so slightly proven. But it is needless to descend to particulars—suffice it to say, that they were again placed in a situation of comparative comfort; and many who had secretly shown some kindness to the sufferers, now boldly espoused their cause, and openly declared their belief in their innocence. Clara was still unmarried, and her deep hatred to Matilda now began to assume a more tangible form. No opportunity escaped her and Dudley, to asperse her character; and so marked was their enmity, that it attracted general attention.

Twelve months passed by, and their school increased, and with it their favor with the greater portion of their acquaintances. Dudley and Clara were to be married, and a great excitement existed in expectation of the gaieties of the scene. Never had such preparations been known, and consequently the approaching marriage was the theme of every tongue. The evening before the wedding, a large party of the young men of the village



and its vicinity, had assembled to celebrate some anniversary in which they were interested. After the business of the meeting was over, they agreed to drink to the happiness of Dudley and his Clara. One sally of mirth gave way to another, until Dudley and several others felt much exhilarated by their large potations. Dudley at length mentioned Williams—tauntingly alluded to his former attachment to Clara—attributed his rejection by her to his own influence—and wound up by asserting that it was not the only favor for which his friend had to thank him. Encouraged by the mirth his witticisms excited, he proceeded to state, in a strain of deep ridicule, that had not his superior discernment discovered the true character of Miss Clayton, and given the alarm, she would have now been the wife of Williams; and that for the favor he had done him in getting him out of that dilemma, he should seek out the exile, and claim, by way of reward, a handsome legacy for his first. Among the number present was one who long had loved the innocent girl whose name was thus unceremoniously handled; a suspicion that Dudley was the cause of her ruin, darted through his mind, and he resolved to take him by guile. He accordingly asked if friendship for Williams had prompted him to the task of breaking off his chains. "No, indeed: I had a double motive. She, a proud wretch, had rejected me; and he, a villain, once had rivalled me; for a reason, good or bad, they loved each other, and I made them feel what they will not forget." "And you can prove all that was said?" continued the other. Dudley was now alarmed, for there was something in young Maxwell's look that showed he had said more than he intended to be understood. "Prove it!" said he, "assuredly I did it; and if necessary, can prove a great deal more than you have ever heard."

The party dispersed at a late hour, but Maxwell arose next morning unrefreshed. He fancied he had found the clew to the labyrinth, and resolved, unsuspected and secretly, to discover, if possible, the mystery which he now saw had been so long thrown over that transaction. Maxwell, too, was Williams' friend. He alone knew his present residence, and he resolved, if possible, to investigate the matter, and restore, if innocent, happiness and fame to her whom he now believed unjustly deprived of both.

The halls of Wilton Lodge were glittering with a thousand lights—the merry peals of the violin resounded through the mansion—the gay dancers were seen in every direction—while feasting and profusion marked the splendid scene. Maxwell leant beside a lofty column, decorated with flowers and variegated lamps, and looked on the festive scene with a saddened heart.

Clara was arrayed in almost regal splendor. The jewels glistened in her hair—the pearls gave their pure forms to decorate her snowy neck and arms; every thing combined to make her happy and gay, and yet he thought that she was sad.

Wearied with the dance, she seated herself near the spot where Maxwell stood. He approached, and laughingly inquired why she looked so serious, where all was so gay and bright. She denied that such was the case, when he jestingly remarked, that he should think she was sighing for her old flame, young Williams, unless she looked more like a happy bride. A deep

blush overspread her cheek, and with deep feeling she replied, that Matilda Clayton might grieve for him, for they suited better than any two she had ever known. He asked her why? Because, said she, her heart is false as a traitor's, and his, like hers, inconstant and base. "You astonish me," said Maxwell. "I know them both," she replied, "and Mr. Dudley knows them too." Maxwell said no more, and Clara rejoined the dance.

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One month had scarcely elapsed since the marriage of Dudley, when the village was again excited by the appearance of Williams. No sooner had he arrived than a thousand vague reports and ideas were afloat, and the general sentence was, that his business was to see Matilda. He refreshed himself at the hotel, and taking Maxwell's arm, strolled towards the cottage. The sun had set, and the moon was shining with an unusual brightness, and gave to the flowers and shrubberies around the cottage a more than natural beauty. They approached softly, for they recognized Matilda's voice, and listening, heard these words:

Yes, false to me has been this world;  
Its malice tore thy heart from me:  
The shaft which at my peace was hurled,  
Was deeply felt, I know, by thee.  
Still conscious virtue is my stay,  
Though yet a dart does rankle here—  
He thinks me base and false as they  
Who tore my bosom with despair.  
I'll blame him not; the poisonous breath  
Of malice forced him thus to stray;  
And fain I'd clasp the tyrant Death,  
To wash that guiltless stain away.

Williams' agitation became so great that his friend with difficulty prevented his betraying his nearness to the house; but caution was necessary, as it had been planned that Maxwell should go in alone, and by degrees apprise Matilda of W.'s arrival, and his object. He accordingly knocked at the door. Mrs. Clayton asked who was there. His name was given, and he immediately entered.

Seating himself near Matilda, he asked what event on earth could give her most pleasure? She blushed deeply, and replied, "to see all the world convinced that I am not deserving of the scorn which has been heaped upon me; true, a reaction has already taken place, but where there is mystery there is doubt, and doubt is the fruitful source of distrust. But why did I answer thus; excuse me, for as you entered I was brooding over the past—the bitter past." "And did you ever suspect the enemies who at that dark period caused your sorrow?" "No," she replied, "I would not be so unjust as to censure merely from suspicion; but let us drop so painful a theme—I was wrong to allude to it." But Maxwell was resolved that it should not thus be dropped. "Miss Clayton," said he, "did you never think that Dudley and his wife were deeply concerned in that nefarious business? Answer me, for I do believe that they were the entire cause." He then proceeded to relate what he had heard from the lips of both, and concluded by saying, "I have written to Williams, stating my suspicions, and when he comes, I doubt not a full explanation and investigation will be the result." "Williams!" repeated Matilda; "and do you know where he is? But I must thank you for the interest you have ever taken in my fate. Words are weak to paint the feel-

ings of a grateful heart. Oh! that you may be rewarded, even should your noble endeavors fail." "But you have not told me," he continued, "whether or not you think my charges against those persons just." "I have feared it," said she, "but I resolved to condemn no one until I *knew* that they deserved it. Those who have writhed under the tortures of unmerited charges, will be the last to give like pangs." "Farewell, Miss Clayton," said he, "when next we meet, may it be to tell you that the sun of happiness has dawned again in your horizon, and that your wrongs are revenged." "Talk not of revenge," she replied; "I would not have it taken. 'Judgment is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord,' and to *him* will I leave it." She could say no more—tears streamed down her cheek. The widow pressed his hand, and exclaimed, "The Lord will bless, will reward thee!" Maxwell left the room, and rejoined the impatient Williams.

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The excitement which reigned during the time that Williams and Maxwell were investigating the mystery of Matilda's injuries cannot be described. Suffice it to say, that a complete exposure of a deep and villainous plot was the result. Dudley, exasperated at his conduct and that of his wife being detected, challenged Williams to a duel; but he refused, and wrote him a letter declaring his contempt of him and his wife, and his determined purpose neither to meet him or any other man for a purpose so ungentlemanly, and at direct variance with the laws of God and man. A suit against them was expected, but Matilda positively refused her consent to such a measure, declaring that money was no atonement for sorrow, and that, her innocence attested, she neither sought nor wished to punish her enemies, as she well knew they would suffer far more than they had forced her to endure. Need I add, that she soon became the wife of the only man she ever loved. A short time before their marriage the brother of Mrs. Clayton sought her out. Her father had died. On his death-bed he forgave her for marrying against his will, and left her a large estate. But happiness is brief at best. It was soon too evident that Matilda was not long for earth. Excitement and sorrow had undermined her health, and her husband saw but too plainly that the seeds of death were already sown.

But to return to Dudley. Disgraced and despised by the virtuous and good, he plunged into excesses of every kind. He and his wife were miserable; for, mutually sunk in each other's estimation, their conduct manifested to all who knew them, the object for which they sacrificed their honor: truth and peace defeated, all was too much for even them to bear. Mr. Wilton did not long survive the shock his feelings had received. He died in less than twelve months after Williams' return.

Clara's health failed; penitence perhaps was little felt—but shame and wounded pride, and a cold neglectful husband, added to the pangs of a reproving conscience, carried her to the grave. She left one child, but that too has lately been laid by her side. Dudley is a bankrupt and a wanderer. Where he is I am unable to inform you. Rumor says that he has fallen a victim to the fury of a mob. And who reared that splendid monument to Clara's memory? Her husband, neglectful, cruel to her while living, had it erected, as if in mockery—for it serves but to remind all who see it how

little she deserved its inscription. But Matilda, my heart bleeds to think on her. She was the mother of one lovely child; but her health was gone. Her husband spared no pains to arrest the progress of disease; but it was in vain that he took her from north to south, from place to place: after two years absence from this village, she returned but to die. But how different was her end from that of her once beloved friend. The sympathy of all, the love of all, the blessings of the poor, accompanied her to her last home. Never shall I forget the joyful peace that illumined her dying face—nor the anguish of her mother, the agony of her husband, when, for the last time, she clasped her infant in her arms, poured out her heart in prayer, forgave her enemies, blessed her friends, and clasping her husband's hand to her heart, breathed her last. You saw her tomb, and do you wonder that it says no external record is necessary for her praise. Two months ago, and I saw her laid in her last bed.

And what became of Maxwell? Williams had an only sister; she is an inestimable woman, and she is his wife. He has met a rich reward for his generous conduct towards Matilda and her husband. He lives in that beautiful spot where the Wiltons once resided. Williams has taken his child and its grandmother, and gone to reside among her friends. His heart is deeply wounded, but the piety of his wife has induced him to look above for comfort. Long might I dwell on the moral of this narrative, but it needs no comment with you.

The two tombs are called the "Contrast," and justly do they deserve the appellation. Strangely blended in their destinies while living, it seems fit that they should thus repose near each other, if but to remind those who pass by, that *virtue* and *vice* alike meet their reward.

## Editorial.

### CRITICAL NOTICES.

#### MEDICAL REVIEW.

*The British and Foreign Medical Review, or Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery, Edited by John Forbes, M. D., F. R. S., and John Conolly, M. D. (American Edition.) Nos. I, II and III: For January, April, July, 1836.*

If any augury of success is to be drawn from desert, this work may fairly be regarded as likely soon to assume a vanward place amongst its competitors for favor with the medical world. Whether we view the quantity or the quality of its matter—the number, variety, richness, or power of its articles—the comprehensiveness of its plan or the judiciousness of its arrangement—it equally strikes us as possessing the very first degree of merit.

Each number consists of four grand divisions: I. Analytical and Critical Reviews; II. Bibliographical Notices; III. Selections from Foreign Journals; IV. Medical Intelligence. So wide is the scope of each one of these divisions, and so copious its *filling up*, that a steady reader of the Review can hardly fail to know



every material step that medical science takes—every important discovery—every valuable publication, and almost every instructive case. Not the least commendable trait in the work, is the notice it takes of *foreign* medicine; the attention it bestows upon the state of the profession and upon medical men, medical works, and medical institutions—not only in England—not only in Great Britain—not only in Europe—but in America, and even in Asia. It practically recognizes a great commonwealth of knowledge, pervading the whole earth; each province alike concerned, and alike entitled to be lighted and cheered by the sun of science; a widespread fraternity of intellect and benevolence, of which membership is limited to no climate or hemisphere. Thus we see notices of the state of medicine in Spain, Russia and Denmark; and of the medical journals now published in Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, Germany, the Colonies, and America. *En passant*, we state the number of these: in Germany 11; in Italy 5; in Denmark 4; in the United States 8; in Rio Janeiro 1; in Kingston (Jamaica) 1; in Calcutta 1; in France (including hebdomadal and tri-weekly papers,) 17. In Great Britain it seems there are but six.

We cannot too much admire the sound sense and enlarged philanthropy breathed in the following passage of the *British Medical Review*, occurring just after it has bespoken a regular exchange with its foreign contemporaries.

"It is our anxious desire and earnest hope to make it a freer medium of communication and a closer bond of union, between the members of the medical profession in all civilized countries, than has hitherto existed. It is delightful to all who cultivate the arts of peace, to live in times when the nations of the earth may freely communicate with each other, without restraint or difficulty: and it is doubly delightful to those who, like the members of our profession, are striving only for what is good, to find themselves associated in their labors with the virtuous and the wise of every land, differing indeed in the external and unessential characters of language, customs, and civil polity, but identified in the common desire to improve the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of man, and consequently, to augment the happiness, and exalt the dignity of the human race." *No. 1, p. 230.*

It pleases our pride as Americans, to observe the large space which our country evidently occupies in the opinion of the enlightened men who edit this *Review*. The physicians of the United States and their works, in its pages, fill twice the room, we believe, of those in any other foreign country, not excepting France or Germany; and there are repeated and unequivocal proofs, that the inconsiderable figure which this, like other departments of American science and literature, has hitherto made in British eyes, is now to be entirely changed. Mark the conciliatory and fraternal tone of what follows:

"The energetic character of the American people, whom we feel proud to regard as derived from a common ancestry with ourselves, and their astonishing progress during the last half century in the arts and sciences, are no less conspicuous in the actual state of medicine there, than in the other branches of human knowledge and social amelioration. Were we, however, not resolved to make the state of medical science among our North American brethren better known and more justly appreciated in England, we should almost be ashamed to confess how little we ourselves know of it, and how little is really known of it by the great majority of our best informed physicians and surgeons. While the medicine of France is familiar to most men of any education among us, and that of Germany and Italy is known to many, the condition of our science throughout the vast

territories and in the immense cities of the United States, although recorded in our own language, and cultivated in the same spirit as by ourselves, is scarcely known to us at all. A striking proof of this is, that in some recent histories of medicine published in this country, by men of the very first talents and acquirements, scarcely any notice is taken of America, or of the improvements or discoveries for which we are indebted to American physicians and surgeons. An equally striking evidence is the extremely limited importation into this country of American books, and the non-circulation of American Journals among us. On the contrary, the extreme eagerness with which English books are received in America, is no less strikingly illustrated by the well known fact that all good works on British medicine are not only imported into, but are immediately republished in America, and circulated in vast numbers." "Dr. Combe's admirable work on Hygiene, has not only been reprinted in America, but circulated to the amount of 10,000."

"The zeal with which medicine is cultivated in America, is equally manifested by the number and variety of the medical journals published there; and we are bound in fairness to add, that the original communications and criticisms contained in such of them as we have met with, sufficiently prove that it is not a zeal without knowledge." *Id. p. 223.*

The foregoing extracts are worth making and worth reading, for two especial reasons: first, because in speaking so kindly of us, they tend to awaken a mutual throb of kinness in our own bosoms, and so to strengthen and multiply the ties of international affection; and second, because by showing us how insignificant we are in the civilized world, they severely and justly rebuke our national vanity, pampered so long by our Fourth of July orators and newspaper paragraphists, into the belief that we are "the greatest and most enlightened people on earth."

Among the American physicians whose names are brought with praise before the British public in the *Review* before us, are Drs. Dunglison, Geddings, and Smith, of Baltimore, and Jackson (senior and junior,) of Boston. Though Dr. Dunglison is an Englishman born, we claim his professional merits chiefly for America, who has fostered, developed and matured, by appreciating and rewarding them. We sympathize in the gratification he must feel, at the emphatic and pre-eminent tribute rendered him in the preface, where he is classed *with*, yet *above*, the distinguished physicians of Berlin, Hamburg, Geneva, Madrid, and St. Petersburg, to whom obligations are acknowledged for valuable assistance.

In No. 2, is a very favorable review of Dr. Dunglison's late work on the *Elements of Hygiene*. Like his prior and large work on *Human Physiology*, (of which, as well as of his *Medical Dictionary*, America is the birth place,) this valuable treatise is rather *technical* than *popular*; being designed more for medical than for general readers.

In the same article, is a detailed notice of the before mentioned essay of Dr. Combe, on *Hygiene*—or, to give its proper title, "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education." This is the work of which the Reviewer says 10,000 copies have been circulated in the United States; but as it has been stereotyped by the Harpers, and made a number of their "Family Library," besides publication in other forms, we question if 20,000 copies be not nearer the truth. The whole range of physical authorship, we have long believed, does not present an equal to this modest little book of Dr. Combe's, for curious, interesting, and valuable truth: not to physicians alone, or to

scholars, or to gentlemen, or to school-mistresses, but to every class of mankind, from the President of a College to the laborer in "his clouted shoon." The topics it particularly treats of, are the structure and functions of the *skin*—of the *muscular system*—the *lungs*—the *bones*—and the *nervous system*, with the *mental faculties*, supposed to be connected with it. Annexed to each of these subjects are rules, "by the observance of which, each of them may be kept in health, and may conduce to the general health of the body." "And thus the reader is led to wholesome customs, by being taught the *reason* of their being wholesome."

It is now admitted by all intelligent persons, except those captious and querulous praisers of time past, who abound in every age, that medicine is far advanced in a great and most salutary reformation, the progress of which is still *onward*. In nothing is this reform more conspicuous—nay, in nothing does it more *consist*—than in the profession's now aiming to preserve health by timely precautions, instead of being satisfied to restore it when lost. In fact it is not now *medicine* so much as *hygiene*; it is the art of preserving rather than the art of healing; *prevention* rather than *cure*. And as much superior as prevention proverbially is to cure—so much better is the present plan of guarding the health by a judicious diet, seasonable clothing, dwellings properly warmed and aired, and a strict attention to cleanliness—than the old one, of letting luxury and debauchery have their course, and then trusting to expel their crudities and counteract their poison by physic. If the expelling agent—the antidote—had been always infallible (and alas, how many grave-yards prove the contrary!)—the *wear and tear* of constitution, produced by the action of the disease, and even of the remedy, was a clear *balance* against the old system.

Dr. Combe's work is emphatically an emanation of the reformed school of medicine; and though in that school the names of Broussais, Louis and Jackson may be more united by fame, we deem "Combe on Mental Health"\* to have borne away from them all the palm of *usefulness*.

In the three numbers of the Review, are many articles which we would fain mention, but *all* would exceed our space, and we do not like the task of further selection. Some idea of the merits of the work (and incidentally of Dr. C.'s) was all we aimed to convey.

It is republished (quarterly) in New York, by W. Jackson, and in Baltimore by William Neal, who are authorized to receive subscriptions. The price is \$5 *per annum*.

#### MR. LEE'S ADDRESS.

*Address delivered before the Baltimore Lyceum, Athenæum Society, William Wirt Society, Washington Lyceum, Philo-nomian Society and Franklin Association, Literary and Scientific Societies of Baltimore, on the 4th of July, 1836. By Z. Collins Lee, Esq.*

Having reason to be well aware of Mr. Lee's oratorical powers, we were not altogether at liberty to imagine his Address, merely from the deep attention with which, we are told, its *delivery* was received, the impassioned and scholar-like performance we now find

it upon perusal. Few similar things indeed have afforded us any similar pleasure. We have no intention, however, of speaking more fully, at this late day, of an Address whose effect must have depended so largely upon anniversary recollections. We allude to it *now* with the sole purpose of recording, in brief, our opinion of its merits, and of quoting one of its passages without comment.

Is it now, as it was formerly, the necessary tendency of all alarming and apparently fatal convulsions of society and governments, to realize often permanent good out of temporary evil? The political revolutions which distinguished the close of the 18th century were accompanied with various secondary movements more benign and pacific in their character, and more lasting in their results, though not contemplated by the then apostles of anarchy. The changes to which I refer were perhaps among their legitimate results, and when they have been studied through a period longer than the perturbations which produced them, they will doubtless be ranked among the compensatory adjustments, in which Providence strikes a balance between present and overwhelming evils and future and permanent good; for in the political as well as in the natural world the desolating torrent, which sweeps away its bulwarks, often loses its power in the depths of its own excavations, whilst it forms a new barrier out of the very elements it displaced. Thus, in every country which has passed like ours through a great and sudden revolution, or been the scene of public excitement and party spirit, there will be a principle of adjustment and order springing out of the most dangerous and disorganizing commotions. That our land has been lately the witness of most daring outrages upon public peace and private rights—that the torch of the incendiary, and the more fearful and disgraceful out-breakings of lawless violence and ferocious passion, have trampled law and order before our eyes in the dust, and that life and property have been swept away by the sirocco breath of popular tumult, are melancholy facts attested in many parts of our country—and to one unacquainted with the genius of our institutions and the habits of our people, these were indeed most startling evidences of the inefficiency of the one and the unfitness of the other for self-government. But, my fellow-citizens, at the bottom of the American character and closely interwoven with its general sentiment, is a recuperative and renovating principle of right and order, which, sooner or later compensates for the devastation and ruin of one day, by years of order and submission to the laws, and binds as victims upon their own *Moloch* altars the mad passions and daring spirits which perpetrated it. Let not, therefore, our confidence and hopes be diminished or torn from the true, essential and *conservative* principles of our institutions, but rather let these evils stimulate us to greater zeal and more devoted labor, in spreading far and wide, by means of knowledge and religion, the true and only remedies—and though the storm may howl and the clouds gather over portions of the country, oh! let us still cling with unflinching confidence to our *union*, to our *religion*, to our *liberties*. In this age kindred minds will unite their sympathies either for good or evil; wealth seeks its preservation by uniting itself to wealth—power strives to extend itself by an alliance with power—in such cases wealth and rank have frequently exercised a predominant influence, and brute force has still oftener enjoyed its short lived triumph; but intellectual power guided by high religious and moral motives, has never failed to establish its just rights and proper sway. The education therefore of the people, the diffusion of knowledge, and the encouragement of literature and science are the only safeguard for a government and social system like ours, exposed as they are to the double hostility of popular menace and the arrogant introads of exclusive and aristocratic orders; but the most efficacious of all these elements of stability is that of intellectual power, whether it is exhibited in the statesman's forethought and sagacity—in the philosopher's powers of combination and judgment—or in the lighter and more elegant accomplishments of the scholar and the poet—the shaft of the stately column is not weakened by the acanthus that curls at its summit, nor is reason less enlightened when embellished by the imagination.

The foundation, therefore, of a literature peculiarly free and national, and the encouragement of all the arts of life, should be our first aim; and here, gentlemen of the societies, which have so honorably been dedicated to these noble objects, permit

\* This is the title usually affixed to the back of Dr. C.'s book.



me to animate, if I can, your laudable zeal, and invoke to you the praise and support of our proud city—of the whole country. In your hands are deposited sacred and beneficial trusts—on your efforts as citizens and scholars depend much of the future prosperity and glory of Maryland. It is not enough therefore that you are the nominal and passive members of these scientific and literary associations, or the admirers of all that is beautiful in the culture of letters and the promotion of science. You may walk indeed through the gorgeous temple of knowledge and explore its holiest recesses or arcana, or bow before its altars with homage and adoration, but you must *unfold* its portals and *lift high* its gates that the people may enter, and become as enlightened as they are free. Above all, in aiding by your exertions in this great work, you should endeavor to found a literature whose seat is the bosom of God—whose end the elevation of man. Let then the Bible be its chief pillar or corner stone, from whose pure pages and sublime truths, the waters of life may gush forth, and mingling with the full stream of rational and social prosperity, form

“—as deep and as brilliant a tide  
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave.”

### THE PICKWICK CLUB.

*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club: Containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by "Boz." Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.*

In our June "Messenger," we spoke at some length of the "Watkins Tottle and other Papers," by "Boz." We then expressed a high opinion of the comic power, and of the rich imaginative conception of Mr. Dickens—an opinion which "The Pickwick Club" has fully sustained. The author possesses nearly every desirable quality in a writer of fiction, and has withal a thousand negative virtues. In his delineation of Cockney life he is rivalled only by the author of "Peter Snook," while in efforts of a far loftier and more difficult nature, he has greatly surpassed the best of the brief tragic pieces of Bulwer, or of Warren. Just now, however, we can only express our opinion that his general powers as a prose writer are equalled by few. The work is to be continued, and hereafter we may give at some length the considerations which have led us to this belief. From the volume before us we quote the concluding portion of a vigorous sketch, entitled "A Madman's MS." The writer is supposed to be an hereditary madman, and to have labored under the disease for many years, but to have been conscious of his condition, and thus, by a strong effort of the will, to have preserved his secret from the eye of even his most intimate friends.

I don't remember forms or faces now, but I know the girl was beautiful. I *know* she was; for in the bright moonlight nights, when I start up from my sleep, and all is quiet about me, I see, standing still and motionless in one corner of this cell, a slight and wasted figure, with long black hair, which, streaming down her back, stirs with no earthly wind, and eyes that fix their gaze on me, and never wink or close. Hush! the blood chills at my heart as I write it down—that form is *hers*; the face is very pale, and the eyes are glassy bright: but I know them well. That figure never moves; it never frowns and mouths as others do, that fill this place sometimes; but it is much more dreadful to me, even than the spirits that tempted me many years ago—it comes fresh from the grave; and is so very death-like.

For nearly a year I saw that face grow paler: for nearly a year I saw the tears steal down the mournful cheeks, and never knew the cause. I found it out at

last though. They could not keep it from me long. She had never liked me; I had never thought she did: she despised my wealth, and hated the splendor in which she lived;—I had not expected that. She loved another. This I had never thought of. Strange feelings came over me, and thoughts forced upon me by some secret power, whirled round and round my brain. I did not hate her, though I hated the boy she still wept for. I pitied—yes, I pitied—the wretched life to which her cold and selfish relations had doomed her. I knew that she could not live long, but the thought that before her death she might give birth to some ill-fated being, destined to hand down madness to its offspring, determined me. I resolved to kill her.

For many weeks I thought of poison, and then of drowning, and then of fire. A fine sight the grand house in flames, and the madman's wife smouldering away to cinders. Think of the jest of a large reward, too, and of some sane man swinging in the wind, for a deed he never did, and all through a madman's cunning! I thought often of this, but I gave it up at last. Oh! the pleasure of strapping the razor day after day, feeling the sharp edge, and thinking of the gash one stroke of its thin bright point would make!

At last the old spirits who had been with me so often before, whispered in my ear that the time was come, and thrust the open razor into my hand. I grasped it firmly, rose softly from the bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife. Her face was buried in her hands. I withdrew them softly, and they fell listlessly on her bosom. She had been weeping, for the traces of the tears were still wet upon her cheek. Her face was calm and placid; and even as I looked upon it, a tranquil smile lighted up her pale features. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started—it was only a passing dream. I leaned forward again. She screamed, and woke.

One motion of my hand, and she would never again have uttered cry or sound. But I was startled, and drew back. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I know not how it was, but they cowed and frightened me; and I quailed beneath them. She rose from the bed, still gazing fixedly and steadily on me. I trembled; the razor was in my hand, but I could not move. She made towards the door. As she neared it, she turned, and withdrew her eyes from my face. The spell was broken. I bounded forward, and clutched her by the arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek, she sunk upon the ground.

Now I could have killed her without a struggle; but the house was alarmed. I heard the tread of footsteps on the stairs. I replaced the razor in its usual drawer, unfastened the door, and called loudly for assistance.

They came, and raised her, and placed her on the bed. She lay bereft of animation for hours; and when life, look, and speech returned, her senses had deserted her, and she raved wildly and furiously.

Doctors were called in—great men who rolled up to my door in easy carriages, with fine horses and gaudy servants. They were at her bedside for weeks. They had a great meeting, and consulted together in low and solemn voices in another room. One, the cleverest, and most celebrated among them, took me aside and bidding me prepare for the worst, told me—me, the madman!—that my wife was mad. He stood close beside me at an open window, his eyes looking in my face, and his hand laid upon my arm. With one effort I could have hurled him into the street beneath. It would have been rare sport to have done it; but my secret was at stake, and I let him go. A few days after, they told me I must place her under some restraint: I must provide a keeper for her. *!!* I went into the open fields where none could hear me, and laughed till the air resounded with my shouts!

She died next day. The white-headed old man followed her to the grave, and the proud brothers dropped a tear over the insensible corpse of her whose sufferings they had regarded in her lifetime with muscles of iron.

All this was food for my secret mirth, and I laughed behind the white handkerchief which I held up to my face as we rode home, till the tears came into my eyes.

But though I had carried my object and killed her, I was restless and disturbed, and I felt that before long my secret must be known. I could not hide the wild mirth and joy which boiled within me, and made me when I was alone, at home, jump up and beat my hands together, and dance round and round, and roar aloud. When I went out, and saw the busy crowds hurrying about the streets: or to the theatre, and heard the sound of music, and beheld the people dancing, I felt such glee, that I could have rushed among them, and torn them to pieces limb from limb, and howled in transport. But I ground my teeth, and struck my feet upon the floor, and drove my sharp nails into my hands. I kept it down; and no one knew that I was a madman yet.

I remember—though it is one of the last things I can remember: for now I mix realities with my dreams, and having so much to do, and being always hurried here, have no time to separate the two, from some strange confusion in which they get involved—I remember how I let it out at last. Ha! ha! I think I see their frightened looks now, and feel the ease with which I flung them from me, and dashed my clenched fists into their white faces, and then flew like the wind, and left them screaming and shouting far behind. The strength of a giant comes upon me when I think of it. There—see how this iron bar bends beneath my furious wrench. I could snap it like a twig, only there are long galleries here with many doors—I don't think I could find my way along them: and even if I could, I know there are iron gates below which they keep locked and barred. They know what a clever madman I have been and they are proud to have me here to show.

Let me see;—yes, I had been out. It was late at night when I reached home, and found the proudest of the three proud brothers, waiting to see me—urgent business he said: I recollect it well. I hated that man with all a madman's hate. Many and many a time had my fingers longed to tear him. They told me he was there. I ran swiftly up stairs. He had a word to say to me. I dismissed the servants. It was late, and we were alone together—for the first time.

I kept my eyes carefully from him at first, for I knew what he little thought—and I gloried in the knowledge—that the light of madness gleamed from them like fire. We sat in silence for a few minutes. He spoke at last. My recent dissipation, and strange remarks, made so soon after his sister's death, were an insult to her memory. Coupling together many circumstances which had at first escaped his observation, he thought I had not treated her well. He wished to know whether he was right in inferring that I meant to cast a reproach upon her memory, and a disrespect upon her family. It was due to the uniform he wore, to demand this explanation.

This man had a commission in the army—a commission, purchased with my money, and his sister's misery. This was the man who had been foremost in the plot to ensnare me, and grasp my wealth. This was the man who had been the main instrument in forcing his sister to wed me; well knowing that her heart was given to that puling boy. Due! Due to his uniform! The livery of his degradation! I turned my eyes upon him—I could not help it—but I spoke not a word.

I saw the sudden change that came upon him, beneath my gaze. He was a bold man, but the color faded from his face, and he drew back his chair. I dragged mine nearer to him; and as I laughed—I was very merry then—I saw him shudder. I felt the madness rising within me. He was afraid of me.

'You were very fond of your sister when she was alive'—I said—'Very.'

He looked uneasily round him, and I saw his hand grasp the back of his chair: but he said nothing.

'You villain,' cried I, 'I found you out; I discovered

your hellish plots against me; I know her heart was fixed on some one else before you compelled her to marry me. I know it—I know it.'

He jumped suddenly from his chair, brandished it aloft, and bid me stand back—for I took care to be getting closer to him all the time I spoke.

I screamed rather than talked, for I felt tumultuous passions eddying through my veins, and the old spirits whispering and taunting me to tear his heart out.

'Damn you,' said I, starting up, and rushing upon him; 'I killed her. I am a madman. Down with you. Blood, blood, I will have it.'

I turned aside with one blow, the chair he hurled at me in his terror, and closed with him; and with a heavy crash, we rolled upon the floor together.

It was a fine struggle that, for he was a tall strong man, fighting for his life; and I, a powerful madman, thirsting to destroy him. I knew no strength could equal mine, and I was right. Right again, though a madman! His struggles grew fainter. I knelt upon his chest, and clasped his brawny throat firmly with both hands. His face grew purple; his eyes were starting from his head, and with protruded tongue he seemed to mock me. I squeezed the tighter.

The door was suddenly burst open with a loud noise, and a crowd of people rushed forward, crying aloud to each other to secure the madman.

My secret was out; and my only struggle now, was for liberty and freedom. I gained my feet before a hand was on me, threw myself among my assailants, and cleared my way with my strong arm as if I bore a hatchet in my hand, and hewed them down before me. I gained the door, dropped over the banisters, and in an instant was in the street.

Straight and swift I ran, and no one dared to stop me. I heard the noise of feet behind, and redoubled my speed. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at length died away altogether: but on I bounded, through marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall, with a wild shout, which was taken up by the strange beings that flocked around me on every side, and swelled the sound, till it pierced the air. I was borne upon the arms of demons who swept along upon the wind, and bore down bank and hedge before them, and spun me round and round with a rustle and a speed that made my head swim, until at last they threw me from them with a violent shock, and I fell heavily upon the earth. When I awoke I found myself here—here in this gay cell where the sun-light seldom comes, and the moon steals in, in rays which only serve to show the dark shadows about me, and that silent figure in its old corner. When I lie awake, I can sometimes hear strange shrieks and cries from distant parts of this large place. What they are, I know not; but they neither come from that pale form, nor does it regard them. For from the first shades of dusk till the earliest light of morning, it still stands motionless in the same place, listening to the music of my iron chain, and watching my gambols on my straw bed.

A press of business connected with some necessary arrangements for Volume the Third, has prevented us from paying, in this Messenger, the usual attention to our Critical Department. We have many books now lying by us which we propose to notice fully in our next. With this number we close Volume the Second.

ERRATUM—The *Essay on Friendship*, in the present number, and to which a foot-note of some length is appended, should have been embraced under the general head of the *Essays of Gilchrist*, also in this number. The mistake occurred by our supposing the *Essay on Friendship* to have appeared in the last Messenger.





The Southern literary messenger; devoted to every  
department of literature, and the fine arts ...  
Aug. 1834-June 1864. Richmond, T. W. White  
1835-64.

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